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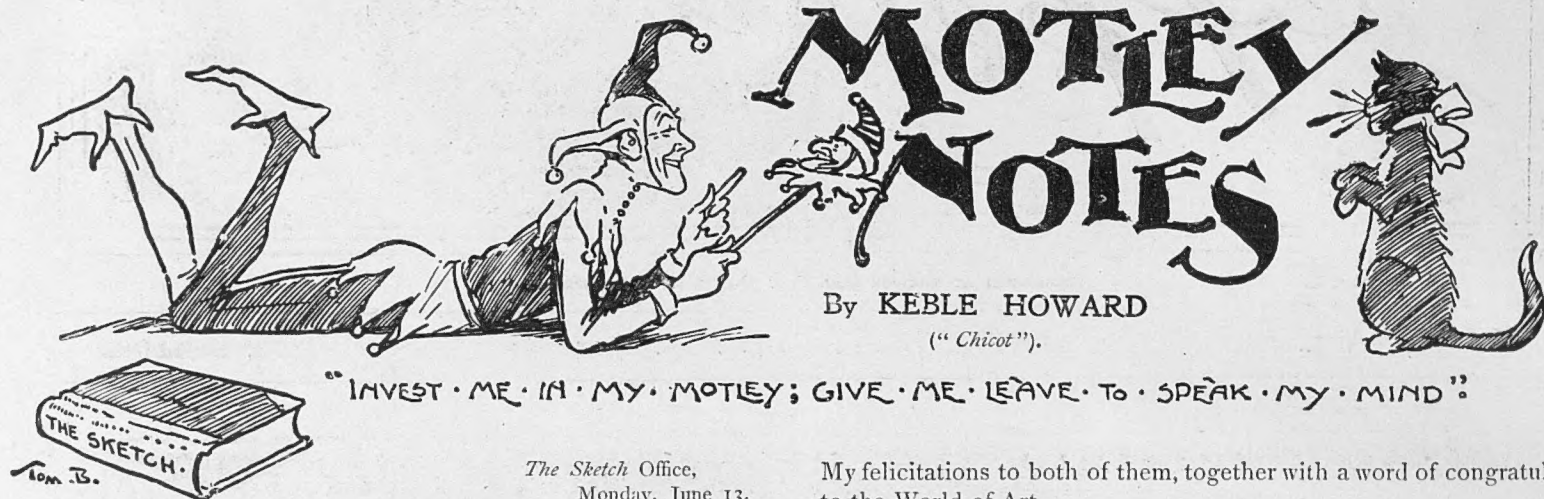
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1904.

ONE SHILLING.



"SUMMER-BIRDS."

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" SUMMER NUMBER BY LEONARD LINSELL.



YESTERDAY I stayed in London: 'twas a dull day. The adjective, let me hasten to add, applies solely to the weather. For myself, had I not the Sunday papers? The humorous *Referee*, the stately *Observer*, the exciting *Lloyd's Weekly News*, the special *Sunday Times*—was I not privileged to read, mark, and learn them at my leisure? There are others, too, but those I have mentioned chanced to come my way yesterday. They were all old friends, of course, and I welcomed them accordingly. The *Referee*, for example, had the honour of sharing my breakfast. It proved an effective stimulant—so much so that my coffee cooled from sheer jealousy. The *Observer* joined me in my after-breakfast pipe. My pipe, happily enough, had lost nothing of its soothing qualities, yet I admitted to myself, as I studied the *Observer*, that tobacco was not the only solace known to man. With regard to *Lloyd's* and the *Sunday Times*, I carried them across to the window, and there they sat, one on either knee, whilst I watched the comings and goings of the dear, queer little people who celebrate their Sabbaths by dressing themselves uncomfortably and pottering about on pavements. *Lloyd's*, I found, took a keen interest in the scene; the *Sunday Times*, on the other knee, preferred to chat with me about music, snap at the *Referee*, and peer curiously at the windows of the Hôtel Métropole.

But—as the sword-and-cloak novelists find it convenient to exclaim—we are anticipating. Let us devote one paragraph, at least, to each of these famous journals, and let us take them in the order that I have already named. The most striking item in yesterday's *Referee*, then, was a candid criticism of Miss Viola Tree's performance as Viola in "Twelfth Night." "A young actress," my fearless "Carados" declared, "at the very outset of her career, is not qualified to play a great part in a Shaksperian play in a leading London theatre. . . . The performance by Miss Tree on Tuesday afternoon persuades me, at least, that she would be a promising pupil for her papa's Academy." "Carados," you see, declined to fall down and worship the histrionic image that the London Press had set up. Whether he was right or wrong the playgoer will be able to determine for himself during the present week, since "Twelfth Night" holds the bill at His Majesty's, with Miss Viola Tree as Viola. I do not myself propose to witness the revival, for I am loth to impair the delightful memories of the comedy as originally produced at this same theatre. Miss Viola Tree's Viola, for all I know, may deserve all the praise that has been poured upon it by the Press. Nothing, however, could atone to me for the absence of the Clown as played by Mr. Courtice Pounds.

The dramatic critic of the *Observer* had also some remarks to make on this subject of Miss Viola Tree. For example: "While she was naturally able to make of Viola a charmingly girlish figure well suited in its exceptional height to the embodiment of the boy-heroine's of classical comedy, she proved able by her imaginative perception, her winning voice, and her keen sense of music, to delight the ear by her delivery of many exquisite lines with true feeling for their poetry." I need quote no more. You will have gathered, as I did, that the dramatic critic of the *Observer* was pleased, in the main, with Miss Tree's work. You will appreciate, moreover, his honest attempt to express his pleasure in writing, and you will make allowances for the fact that the English language will not always adapt itself to the enthusiasms of the moment. I admit that I puzzled for some little time over "well suited in its exceptional height to the embodiment of the boy-heroine's of classical comedy." I analysed it, parsed it, and even went so far as to hold the paper before a looking-glass. And yet, after all, what does it matter so long as we know that the dramatic critic of the *Observer* was pleased with Miss Tree's work?

My felicitations to both of them, together with a word of congratulation to the World of Art.

It was a relief, perhaps, on taking up *Lloyd's Weekly News*, to find but three lines devoted to the charm, vivacity, and youthful intelligence of Miss Viola Tree. The readers of *Lloyd's*, I suspect, prefer to read of sterner stuff—of battles, murder, and sudden separation. Personal charm, no doubt, appeals to them, but they prefer that that charm shall be exercised in a private capacity, eventually landing its possessor in legal difficulties. Vivacity, we may suppose, arrests their attention, yet more particularly when it characterises the descriptive writing on the subject of the war. Youthful intelligence, they would assure you, is thrown away upon actresses; a gift so precious should be the exclusive prerogative of police-court reporters. To speak seriously, though, *Lloyd's* is an astounding penn'orth. I defy anybody to name a subject of interest that is not dealt with on one or more of these twenty-four pages. Further, I defy anybody, even a telegraph-clerk, to read through an edition of *Lloyd's* in twenty-four hours. The advertisements alone would kill the longest of wet afternoons.

The *Sunday Times*, under the heading, "A Striking Suggestion," published a leading article dealing with the cab-strike. Passing over the pun as lightly as possible, I read the article to see what this suggestion might be. Imagine my delight on meeting our old and tried friend, the sixpenny cab. Honestly, I felt grateful to the *Sunday Times* for having once more brought us together. All the same, I was grieved to observe that my ancient friend was looking very weak and thin. He noticed my look of sympathy, and a cynical smile passed over those worn, familiar features.

"I suppose you thought I was dead and buried?" he sneered.

"To tell you the truth," I replied, "I did?"

"Don't apologise. I was as nearly as possible gone. This last cab-strike, however, has revived me for a while."

"Let's hope," I murmured, "that you may be spared to us for some time."

"Shut up!" he retorted, testily. "You know perfectly well that all the papers in London couldn't really pull me through. I've always been unpopular, and nobody will regret me when I'm gone."

"There you're wrong," I cried. "I should, for one."

"Rubbish! You'd rather walk till you dropped than be seen riding in a sixpenny cab. Nasty snob!"

And he tottered away.

In one of my notes last week, I was sufficiently egotistical to mention that the Eighth of June, the day on which that number of *The Sketch* reached the public, was my birthday. I have now to thank the many friends, known and unknown, who, pardoning my impertinence, were kind enough to send me charming messages of congratulation. On Wednesday morning, for example, no sooner had I become thoroughly absorbed in my work than somebody rang me up on the telephone and wished me, rather jerkily, many happy returns of the day. I thanked him, bowed, and rang off. At that moment two cards were brought in, both bearing the names of sympathetic readers who, as I ultimately discovered, had called to wish me many happy returns of the day. One flattering fellow, again, wrote to know whether I was born in this century or the last. The most gratifying of many ill-merited tributes, however, came from a mysterious personage signing himself, or herself, "F. F." This graceful recognition took the form of— But, on second thoughts, no. At any rate, I have still some modesty. Let me assure "F. F.," however, that the charming favour, ribbons, bells, and all, now occupies a place of honour in my snug little kingdom. I can see it as I sit at my desk, and it encourages me. My best thanks, dear "F. F."

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SKETCHES AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Stories of Russian Peculation.

WHEN General Meckel said of the Japanese military organisation that all that was on paper was really to be found, he was at the same time criticising indirectly the Russian methods of preparation for war. I talked to a Frenchman last week, a man with a great stake in the Far East and a firm believer in the Russian Alliance, and when I asked him how long he thought Port Arthur would hold out against the Japanese, he shook his head and replied that that depended not upon the valour of the Russian troops, but upon the quantities of provisions, ammunition, and coal that were upon paper only, and yet were counted on at St. Petersburg as existent. He seemed to think that, but for the provisions which were rushed in at the last moment, there would have been scarcely a fortnight's supply in the great fortress.

The Far East has always been an Eldorado to the speculating Russian official and the dishonest contractor, and the story that Dalny was, if possible, to be destroyed by the Russians, in order that no unsympathetic contrast should be made between the real value of the

entertainments. One of his subordinates made a suggestion which put matters right at once. A warship was built at Vladivostok (on paper); it was armed, provisioned, and manned (on paper); it was sent to sea (on paper); it encountered a typhoon (on paper), went to the bottom of the sea (on paper), and the relatives of the crew received compensation (on paper). The great official found himself clear of his debts and with a nice little sum to the good, and all the minor fry, contractors and suchlike, received nice little donations for the loan of their signatures to the necessary documents. All that was known at St. Petersburg was that a locally built and manned warship sailed from Vladivostok and was lost at sea.

The above stories I only repeat as I was told them by Russians. The two which follow I heard from sources which make me think that they are true. A Russian man-of-war came into a British port, and the principal merchant who dealt in coal was asked to go on board and state his prices. He saw the officer whose duty it was to make purchases, and stated his lowest price for best steam-coal. He was assured by the officer that he was mistaken, for that his price was really half as much again. He demurred, but found that, if he wished to sell his coal, he must sign a receipt for payment at one and a-half his real price. The officer assured him that it was always done,



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Photograph by Robinson and Son, Guildford.

buildings and the sums paid for their erection is quite a likely one. Most of the stories of Russian peculation I have heard have been told me by Russians themselves, who accept the fact with that calm pessimism which is one of the Oriental traits of the nation. A story which I have heard once or twice from Russian lips and which is a typical one is that of the fifty waggons.

A contractor, an honest man in his way, was engaged to make some hundreds of waggons for the Russian Government. The first fifty were completed, and the contractor took them to the commissariat yard. The official whose duty it was to receive the waggons looked at them and then walked down the line, putting a number, from one to fifty, on each. He then asked the contractor to lunch with him, entertained him nobly, and, after the meal, suggested that they should go and look at the other fifty waggons. The contractor declared that he had no more ready to deliver, but the official told him that he was mistaken. They went together to the yard and walked down the other side of the line of waggons, the official marking them from fifty to a hundred. The official then suggested that the price of the second fifty waggons should be divided between the contractor and himself. "Did the contractor accept?" has been my usual question, and an astonished "Of course!" has been the invariable answer.

The most astonishing tale on this subject I ever was told was of the warship that was built at Vladivostok. Some great official at the port in the Far East was some tens or hundreds of thousands of pounds short in his accounts. The money had gone in speculation and

and that the money the ship made in this way was divided on a perfectly understood scale.

The other story is of the purchase of a ship for the Russian Volunteer Fleet. I will not particularise the port of the country where it occurred, but will simply say that a vessel suitable for the Volunteer Fleet was for sale in a foreign port, and a Committee of Russians came to look at her. They lived, as my informant put it, like fighting-cocks, and seemed in no hurry to conclude a bargain. The ship was bought. My informant had an opportunity at a later period of looking at the official figures concerning the purchase of the ships of the Volunteer Fleet, and he found that the purchase-money for the ship in question had been recorded at almost double the figure which was really paid.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

WELLINGTON College, which is to receive on Saturday the signal honour of a visit from the King and Queen, has always been a favourite public school of our Royal Family. The late Prince Consort was intensely interested in its beginnings, and there are many references to his connection with the place in the *Life of Archbishop Benson*. In the early days of Wellington, our Sovereign's father was a constant visitor, and he

sister brides, Lady Ingestre and Lady Herbert, both have houses this summer near Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Grenfell, most hospitable of river-side hosts and hostesses, have a number of friends at Taplow Court; but, of course, in some ways the most important Ascot house-party, with the one exception of that held at Windsor Castle, is the gathering at Bagshot Park, for, owing to various circumstances, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have not spent Ascot Week in their country home for something like five years.

A Charming French Queen.

Queen Amélie of Portugal is one of the most vivacious and intelligent of modern Queen Consorts. Born at Twickenham during the first exile endured by her parents, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, she spent her girlhood between this country and France, and she has many English friends whom she delights to entertain at Lisbon. The then Heir-Apparent of Portugal is said to have fallen in love with the Princess's portrait; be that as it may, his wooing was not long a-doing, and the marriage aroused so much interest and enthusiasm in France

suggested many practical improvements. Doubtless His Majesty remembers one visit paid there by himself and the Prince Consort. At the north-east corner of the College was then a bare place. Prince Albert and his little son stopped short there, and the former observed, "You want some tall trees there—poplars, I think," and dug his walking-stick into the ground five or six times. Dr. Benson, ever courtly, said to a workman who was with them, "Put some marks into those holes," and there on the spot now stand a group of poplars which owe their being to the kindly and learned Prince who had so much to do with the foundation of the College. Queen Victoria declared the College formally open in 1859, and after the death of the Prince Consort she went there more than once. One of Her late Majesty's favourite grandsons, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, was the first Royal Prince to be educated at Wellington, its then Head being Mr. Edward Wickham, the present Dean of Lincoln. Prince Alexander of Battenberg is also an Old Wellingtonian.

Royal Ascot. The King and Queen are entertaining an exceptionally distinguished house-party in honour of Ascot Week, for, in addition to the group composed of the brilliant personalities who are generally included on such occasions, their Majesties have welcomed Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, and, among their Royal guests, the Sovereign's sister-in-law, Her Imperial Highness Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who has come to England for a short visit with her youngest daughter. Queen Alexandra's revered uncle, Prince John of Glücksburg, is also spending the week at Windsor Castle. Of the many beautiful pageants connected with our Royal Family, there are few which can compare in stately charm with that presented by the sight of the Royal Procession wending its way from Windsor Castle to the famous racecourse, reached through the Golden Gates. The Ascot Royal Stand, where the King and Queen entertain their friends, has been practically rebuilt since His Majesty's Accession, and there a sumptuous luncheon, far more elaborate than was the case in the old days, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert attended the meeting each year, is served in the beautiful dining-room.

Some Ascot House-Parties.

Although the death of Lord Bridport has deprived the Royal Borough of one particularly brilliant house-party, most of the pretty places in the neighbourhood have this week their full complement of guests, now, as always, foremost among Ascot hostesses being Lady Emily Van de Weyer, who is entertaining at the New Lodge, Windsor Park, a large family party, though Mr. Van de Weyer's sister, Lady Esher, is, of course, in deepest mourning. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle are entertaining at Forest Farm, and the



QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL.

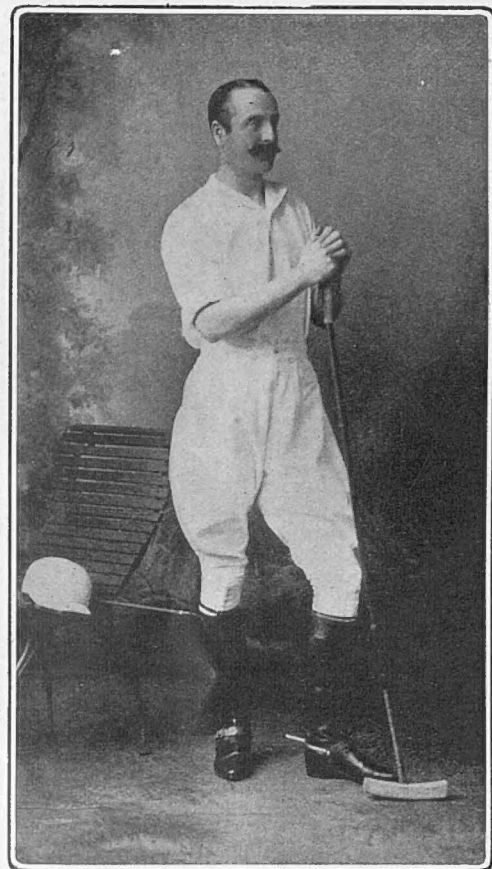
Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier, Paris.

that it quite alarmed the French Government, and indirectly led to the final banishment of the Royal bride's unfortunate father. Queen Amélie is a woman of many different interests and tastes. She is the only Queen who has, in a serious sense, studied medicine, and, thanks to her efforts, Lisbon now boasts of one of the best model hospitals in Europe. Like her sister, the Duchess of Aosta, she is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and herself taught her two sons to ride. Some years ago, the Queen won a medal for saving two poor children from drowning in the Tagus. Her Majesty generally comes to England once a year in order to attend the memorial service which takes place each autumn in the little Roman Catholic Church at Weybridge, where the Comte de Paris lies under English sod.

A Sporting Earl. In all the Peerage there is probably no nobleman who takes a more whole-hearted interest in sport than Charles Henry John Talbot, twentieth Earl of Shrewsbury, Premier Earl of England, Hereditary Great Seneschal or Lord High Steward of Ireland, and High Steward of Stafford. Though, perhaps, best-known to Londoners as the originator of noiseless-tyred cabs, the Earl of Shrewsbury is an ardent automobilist, a great hunter and coach-driver, and a playing member of the chief Polo Clubs. As one of the famous Rugby team he played against Ranelagh on Monday of last week, when, though the latter did all the scoring, a magnificent game was witnessed, and polo experts present expressed the opinion

that when Ranelagh and Rugby met in the contest for the Champion Cup, that would be the match to see.

Prince Victor, the representative of the Napoleonic dynasty, is, by virtue of his position, an exile from France, but, for all that, he was present in Paris last week at a meeting of the Bonapartist Committee. He went over from Brussels in the greatest secrecy, as he and his supporters thought, but he did not escape the vigilance of the detective police, who informed the French Government of his presence in Paris. It would have been quite easy to arrest the Prince at any moment, but, as none of the public knew that he was in the capital, the Minister of the Interior thought that it was not worth while making a fuss, and



LORD SHREWSBURY IN POLO COSTUME.

Photograph by Dickinsons, New Bond Street, W.

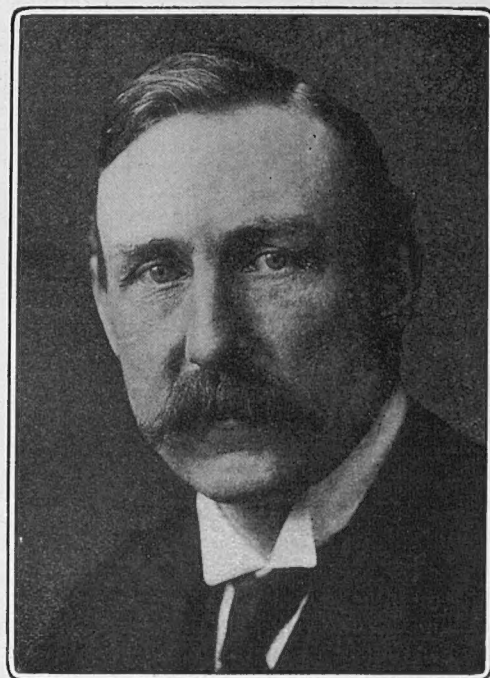
so Prince Victor was allowed to return to Brussels as secretly as he left, but he was watched all the time, without his knowledge, by the Parisian detectives.

Smoking in Berlin. The good people of Berlin have just celebrated an anniversary which is a favourite one with them. Before May 23, 1832, no smoking was allowed in the streets or parks of Berlin, and offenders were punished by a fine for the first infraction of the rule, and by imprisonment afterwards. The King of Prussia in those days looked on smoking much as James I. did, and the police and the military were under strict orders to arrest anyone who dared smoke in public. It is recorded that when Napoleon occupied Berlin, a hundred years ago, the Berliners eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to smoke, and took a special delight in puffing smoke in the faces of the police, who had then no power to arrest them. In 1832, however, the restriction was withdrawn, and since then the Berliners have celebrated the anniversary with great joy.

"First Lord." Lord Selborne, who is now "Ruler of the King's Navee," never had to polish up the handle of the big front-door, like Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in "H.M.S. Pinafore." Winchester was his school, and "Univ." Oxford, his college, and there is no more loyal Wykehamist living. As Lord Wolmer, he sat in the House of Commons for ten years, and was the Liberal-Unionist Whip. Not only did he like the House, but the House liked him, and when his famous father, Mr. Gladstone's pet Lord Chancellor, died, he was very sorry for himself at having to go up to the Lords. However, he was consoled by being made Under-Secretary for the Colonies, with

Mr. Chamberlain as his chief, and he did so well that in 1900 he was admitted to the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty. Eleven years ago, Lord Selborne married the late Lord Salisbury's eldest daughter, and they have three sons and a daughter. The First Lord is not only conscientious, but able, and the Admirals swear by him, not at him—an important difference. He has been strong enough to carry out some notable reforms, and he will undoubtedly leave the Sea Service more efficient than he found it.

Mrs. Gunston is the youngest and the best-looking of the late Colonel Wellesley's group of handsome daughters, of whom the eldest is Mrs. Charles Wilson, herself the mother of what has often been described as the loveliest set of sisters now in Society. Mrs. Gunston, whose marriage to the distinguished officer whose name she bears took place when she was only eighteen, belongs to the artistic and cultivated section of the great world. She is a good amateur artist, a gift she has transmitted to one of her pretty daughters. During the anxious days when Major Gunston was in South Africa—for, though he had, soon after his marriage, retired from the



LORD SELBORNE, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Photograph by Beresford.



MRS. H. GUNSTON, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL WELLESLEY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

5th Dragoon Guards, he volunteered for active service on the outbreak of war—Mrs. Gunston occupied herself very actively with the preparing and despatching of necessities and comforts to our gallant soldiers then fighting for Queen and country.

The social historian of the future will regard the engagement of the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia and the Princess Victoria of Coburg (our Sovereign's niece) as a striking example of the changes produced in "the most conservative of Empires" by the mere trend of time. The Greek Orthodox Church has always forbidden the marriage of first-cousins, and even in the case of the Russian Imperial Family no exception has ever been made. The Grand Duke Cyril is the eldest son of the Czar's eldest uncle, Vladimir, the Princess Victoria one of the pretty and accomplished daughters of the Russian Princess whose marriage to our own Duke of Edinburgh aroused so much interest and enthusiasm in this country. The two young people have been attached to each other for some time, but their marriage was supposed to be out of the question.

Then came the miraculous escape from death of the Grand Duke, who was, it will be remembered, with the ill-fated Admiral Makaroff when the flagship of the Russian Fleet was blown up, and now the betrothal of the Royal lovers has been sanctioned if not exactly approved.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis to Captain R. C. Batley has aroused much interest among playgoers and in theatrical circles, not unmixed with regret, since it seems probable that the London

stage will be deprived of one of its most acceptable leading ladies for some time to come, for Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis does not intend to return to the active exercise of her profession immediately on her return from her honeymoon. Indeed, if she follows the precedent of her distinguished mother, Miss Terry-Lewis's marriage may mean her permanent retirement from theatrical life.

Mr. Leopold Canning, one of the pleasantest of future Peers, is engaged to Miss Rube, the daughter of Mr. Charles Rube. The engagement will be one of the shortest on record, for the wedding has already been fixed to take place on July 19. The Court world is interested in the engagement of Captain Hugh Fraser, one of the grandsons of the late Madame de Falbe, who was such an intimate friend of Queen

Alexandra, to Miss Violet Villiers. Many notable weddings take place within the next fortnight. To-day, the quaintly named Miss Philadelphia Robertson, the only daughter of Lord Robertson, marries Lieutenant C. L. Maclean, a young naval officer; and to-morrow week will be celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, what promises to be a very smart matrimonial function, the wedding of Lady Isabel Innes-Ker and Mr. Guy Wilson. On the last day of the month Lady Mildred Murray will wed Mr. Gilbert Follett.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL OF RUSSIA.

A NOTABLE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT.

Photographs by Otto, Paris.



MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.

CAPTAIN R. C. BATLEY.

Photograph by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.

AN INTERESTING THEATRICAL WEDDING.

[Photograph by Dickinsons, New Bond Street, W.]

Liberal Tactics. Liberals made a muddle of their first attack on the Licensing Bill. They expected to press the Government hard with an amendment for a time-limit to compensation, but it was submitted in such a form that the Conservative temperance section could not support it, and the Ministers secured a thumping majority. The result was recrimination on the part of the Liberals. Some blamed the member who moved the amendment, others blamed the whole front bench, and a few turned the incident to the prejudice of Mr. Asquith, who is acting as leader of the opposition to the Licensing Bill, but who has not yet been forgiven by a certain section for his Imperialism.

Although the Home Secretary has charge of the most important Bill of the Session, he is fonder of hearing his colleagues upon it than of speaking himself. Mr. Akers-Douglas was a great success as Chief Whip, and gives invaluable advice and assistance as a Party organiser. He is a shrewd, dogged, cool-headed man, and did great service for the Government in Mr. Balfour's absence at the beginning of the Session; but he is much more effective as an administrator than as a debater. He lacks fluency and fine phrases. Thus it happens that an important amendment to the Licensing Bill may be disposed of without a word from the Home Secretary, although he is never absent from his place.

Mr. Cochrane, the Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, is receiving many opportunities in debate this Session. A son of the eleventh Earl of Dundonald, he is forty-seven, but has been only twelve years in the House of Commons. He entered it rather later than most of the young men belonging to great families who look forward to a political career. Military service attracted him for many years, and he did his duty in South Africa. It was as private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain that Mr. Cochrane obtained his first experience of official life. That was a capital training. Mr. Chamberlain gave him a good deal of work, and he devoted himself to it. Now he enjoys his reward as Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, and proves himself a crisp, courteous debater. He is married to a daughter of the Earl of Glasgow.

There is evidently a good deal of talent among the young Liberals which will be more fully revealed before the close of the Session. Mr. Lyell, who was recently elected for East Dorset, has already raised high hopes. He speaks with ease and point, and has strong character in his sombre face. His father, Sir Leonard, a nephew of Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, represented Orkney and Shetland for fifteen years, and owns an estate in the region of "Thrums."

Worrying the Chairman. Since a number of Liberals were ordered by the Chairman of Committee to stand up in their places, instead of voting in the usual manner, they and their friends have badgered Mr. J. W. Lowther. Frequently at divisions they cry to the other side, "Stand up! Stand up!" and they loiter on the way to the Lobby and thus irritate the Chairman.

More than once lately they have shouted "Oh, oh!" at his rulings—a most unusual mark of disrespect. Mr. Lowther is, however, quite imperturbable, and maintains his authority by his knowledge of the rules and by his firmness and coolness in adhering to his decisions. *Sang-froid* serves him well in his difficult position.

The Delights of Ballooning.

The Aéro Club No. 1 balloon, of forty-five thousand cubic feet capacity, carrying as passengers Mrs. Manville, Mr. F. Butler, Mr. Percival Spencer, and his son Charles, aged seven, left the Crystal Palace one afternoon recently, and had a most successful trip over Box Hill, Leith Hill, and the open country of Sussex. The balloon attained a maximum height of ten thousand feet and made a splendid descent at Chichester.



MISS MARIE LLOYD AS "SANS-GÊNE."

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

While the Dowager Czarina has the credit of being one of the warmest supporters of the war with Japan, the Czarina herself is a determined advocate of peace. Court circles in St. Petersburg are divided into two parties, one upholding Admiral Alexeieff and the War Party, the other advocating peace and an alliance with England. The latter is the party which is favoured by the young Czarina, who, as one of the favourite grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria, is very English in her sympathies. Ever since her marriage, the Czarina has been trying to introduce English ideas into Russia, but, so far, the "Party of the Grand Dukes" has been too strong for her. Now, however, it will be noticed that many of the Russian papers are advocating an understanding with England, but the anxious way in which they try to persuade us that an alliance would be more for our benefit than theirs has, up to the present, only succeeded in amusing us. But the Czarina is a sincere friend of England and of peace, and, if the War Party gets discredited, we shall probably be on better terms with Russia than we have been for many years past.

The Parisian beauties are for the moment infatuated over their pet dogs, and they have adopted what they consider an English fashion by giving dog-parties. Elaborate invitation-cards are sent out in the name of the pet to all the smart dogs of his or her acquaintance, and in the corner is engraved, instead of "Dancing" or

"Music," "Bones and Sugar-plums." For the time being the pet dog is everything among the smart women of Paris.

Madame Marthe Regnier.

Madame Marthe Regnier, who is one of the bright particular "stars" of the French Company shortly to appear at the Avenue, where M. Félix Riche will begin his season of French plays next Saturday, is a great favourite of the Parisian playgoer. Madame Regnier belongs to the new school of French acting, that which strives above all things to be natural, and she is particularly successful when taking the leading rôle in moving pictures of real life, such as those afforded by "Yvette," adapted from De Maupassant's powerful little story, "La Bourse ou la Vie"; and "La Layette."

THE DELIGHTS OF BALLOONING :

RECORDS OF A RECENT TRIP FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE TO CHICHESTER.

(SEE PAGE 296.)



VIEW OF BALLOON-GROUND AT AN ALTITUDE OF FIVE HUNDRED FEET.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE NORTH TOWER FROM A HEIGHT OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET.



SHADOW OF THE BALLOON CAST ON TO A CLOUD-BANK.



THE CITY OF CHICHESTER.



THE ARRIVAL AT CHICHESTER



EMPTYING THE BALLOON.

Photographs by Spencer Brothers, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHILE turning over the pages of my morning paper in the past week, I have found myself wondering what we should do if there were no war in the East. So far as the papers are concerned, there is nothing but war-news to relieve the dullness of their columns, and now the Port Arthur affair gives us all the thrill that enables Fleet Street to make money despite the heavy cost of telegrams from China and Japan. Face to face with a war-drama that makes the fighting on the Tugela insignificant by comparison, all the world looks on spellbound. And, when the blood-stained story is told, what a change there will be! How hard it will be for one and all to open our morning papers and find no sensations! We have supped to the full on horrors since the winter of '99, and, after five or six years of highly spiced journalistic diet, the plain food of peaceful days will be like an egg without salt. At the same time, I am bound to acknowledge that some of the enterprising contemporaries of my morning paper will not cease from supplying sensations just because there are no guaranteed specimens to be had.

I have read with some surprise an announcement that satisfactory assurances relating to the Tibet Mission have been received in St. Petersburg from Downing Street. The plain man will wonder why the Russian authorities should have any satisfaction in the matter. If assurances were due, they were due from Russia, and should have been given to the Tibetans and to Great Britain. Lhasa's unwashed directorate might very well ask why Russia encouraged them to treat civil applications from India with contempt and assured them that no evil consequences would result. Great Britain has a right to know whence came the modern rifles that the Tibetans used, and what Russia has to do in territory more than a thousand miles removed

from her own boundaries. These awkward questions have not even been asked. But Russia, on the other hand, has required assurances, and has received them. Happily, while the assurances were being given, the arrangements for the final advance to Lhasa were in course of completion; and if the signs of the times are read aright, a generation or two must pass before Russian interest in the welfare of Tibet and its people can become active again.

Even in this country we have our Grand Lama and our Sacred City, our forward movement and our little Tibetan drama in miniature. Students of the Chantrey Bequest trouble, that helps to give art-critics something to write about, will see the analogy. The Chantrey Fund becomes the Forbidden City which the majority of people interested in art hope to see opened to all artists, the Grand Lama and Lamissaries are represented by the President and Academicians. To all the suggestions made by Press and public the Grand Lama has turned a deaf ear, and now the Government, represented by a member of the Upper House, is about to take action in the interest of more free trade in works of art. It is clear that the Grand Lama will not enter into negotiations, and the result of the Government action is awaited with as much interest as can be spared from the contemplation of Asiatic affairs.

I note a rumour that the Rev. E. C. Hawkins is likely to retire from his post of Vicar to St. Bride's in Fleet Street. Mr. Hawkins is father of Anthony Hope and brother of Lord Brampton, who, in the days when he was known to evil-doers as "Sir 'Enery 'Awkins," was popularly supposed to be one of the strongest Judges on the Bench. Fleet Street and its neighbourhood supply excellent Sunday services, but I have noticed that most of the people who attend seem to come from outlying districts. I suppose the Temple Church has the best music and choir between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

With the legal aspect of the sporting case that has amused most readers of daily papers in the past week I have no concern at all, but there are some points that call for the attention of wise sportsmen. If you want to rent shooting, go down and have a look at it; several looks will be better still should time permit. I have rented shooting for many years, but have never taken a place without careful examination, and, when it has been obtainable, a satisfactory assurance from the outgoing tenant. A quiet walk over land in late June or July should give a sportsman a fair idea of the chances that will come to him after August, and I have found it best, when taking a new place, to secure it after June, by which time the prospects are more or less assured. Of course, these remarks apply only to small places without a history; but, after all, there are comparatively few of the others, and their owners and tenants may be trusted to look after themselves.

Dr. Reich's views on French womanhood are suggestive; to say the least. He declares that "French womanhood is bought at the price of French girlhood. When she emerges from her seclusion, she has all the high-strung, braced-up energies which enable her to fill her position in the home. People who have only seen England and America can with difficulty realise how thoroughly the Frenchwoman pervades every detail of family life." Dr. Reich explains the fact that the French poetry is sterile in lyrics by the absence of the intercourse between young men and young and innocent girls, which is, in his view, the source of lyrics.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"NOW, IF I WERE KUROPATKIN——"

THE HERO OF KINCHAU.



GENERAL OKU, COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN THE LIAO-TUNG PENINSULA.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE"—"THE MERRY WIVES"—MISS TREE'S DÉBUT—THE HON. MRS. LYTTLETON'S PLAY.

IT was somewhat surprising and decidedly disturbing to read in a criticism appearing in a very influential daily paper injurious remarks concerning the scenery of "A Gentleman of France." It would be foolish to pretend that the mounting was any better than what may be called passable, but surely the critics, who are supposed to be enthusiasts concerning drama, should be the last to disparage a production on account of the scenery unless it is absolutely ridiculous. For extravagance in mounting is one of the most important influences in the present paralysis of the drama. Managers, vying with one another in extravagance, have come to the conclusion that thousands must be spent on the presentation of a play, wherefore, owing to the financial risk, they have shunned experiment and go round and round like squirrels in a cage. One may afford to make an experiment involving a risk of hundreds, but when thousands are concerned conservatism is the obvious policy—conservatism or a slavish copying of an experimental success. It cannot even be pretended that the huge sums spent get any fair return in pleasure to trained eyes, since, on the whole, the artistic ideas in the theatres are shockingly out of date and many of the most costly spectacles are fearfully Philistine displays. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the not altogether satisfactory experiments of Mr. Gordon Craig represent almost the only efforts at artistic stage-treatment according to modern artistic ideas. This is wandering a little. My text is that playgoers should bring a little imagination; that, if the piece is all right, the setting can hardly be at all wrong; and a fine drama with bare boards is preferable to the average production that costs five thousand pounds or so. A sumptuary law, limiting the theatres to a moderate specific sum per Act for mounting, would, I believe, in a few years produce the renaissance. "A Gentleman of France" would have been no nearer success if there had been different back-cloths for the first and last scenes, if the bolts on the doors were less obvious, and other flaws were unnoticeable, and I am confident that this is the feeling of the audience. Give them an interesting play, and they won't care a rap about the best of scene-painters, stage-carpenters, costumiers, perruquiers, armourers, perfumers, florists, and the like, or even the luckless gentlemen of talent who compose incidental music, often inaudible, rarely listened to.

Unfortunately, it happens that Miss Harriet Ford's adaptation of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel is not quite a brilliant affair; others no better have achieved success, and some quite as good have not. It possesses the faults almost invariably found in adapted novels, and there are plenty of playgoers, of whom I am the least important, quite out of sympathy with "The Three Musketeers" kind of play. These stories, breathless in books, become merely stories out of breath on the stage. Good, simple-minded people can be thrilled by them and survive the chill of the *entr'actes* and follow the prodigious and improbable adventures keenly. There are prodigious and improbable adventures in the story of Gaston de Marsac and Mdlle. de la Vire, and a good many of the audience were thrilled by them, and the fight on the staircase was—to use the phrase uttered by a young gentleman in an Eton-jacket to me—"simply ripping." Mr. George Silver's clever arrangement made it quite horribly exciting, even for a man of peace. The ending was rather tame; it always is in such plays. Still, the piece, if a trifle provincial, or—should I say?—Transatlantic in style, is workmanlike, and ought to please thousands of playgoers. Mr. Murray Carson's Gaston was quite an excellent piece of acting. A personal uncoquettishness, very praiseworthy, rendered him picturesque. There was humour in his performance, and decided power. Miss Esmé Beringer was a handsome, lively heroine, a little oppressed, perhaps, by the tactless efforts of the adapter to render the part complex and uncommonplace: studies of complex character are not easily fitted into such plays; it seems a pity that such an able actress does not get better parts to work upon. For the rest of the Company, the word "praiseworthy" seems sufficient, save, indeed, Miss Mackinlay, who was decidedly clever.

The revival at His Majesty's of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be over ere this reaches the reader's eye. So, since there is little of important novelty in the matter, little need be said. We shall never see a better cast in the famous farce, unless, indeed, Mrs. Kendal takes her old part of Mrs. Page again. Miss Ellen Terry seems the predestined Mrs. Ford, and may fairly be called inimitable; her work alone repays a visit. Mr. Tree's Falstaff, by its admirable quality, shows how little of Falstaff—even of the somewhat degenerate Falstaff of this play—is translatable to the boards, and, at the same time, is a striking example of the marvellous power of the actor's art and of the art of acting. Nor does one like to pass unmentioned the sound performance of Mr. Lionel Brough.



MADAME MARTHE REGNIER.

TO APPEAR AT THE AVENUE IN A SERIES OF FRENCH PLAYS.

Photograph by Manuel, Paris.

The appearance of Miss Viola Tree in "Twelfth Night" at a matinée was an interesting event. We were entitled to expect intelligence and charm in a child of Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and expectations were not disappointed. The young lady has grace, charm, intelligence, and some skill; enough, in fact, to be able to render several scenes delightfully. Her restlessness may be explained by youth and the bad tradition of our stage which abjures repose and compels our players, even in serious works, to act as if dancing a quadrille and "chassez-croisez" and "ladies' chain" to distraction. Let us hope that, beginning her career under such auspices, and with a

father remarkable for technical skill as well as other powers, Miss Viola, whose first appearance was quite a brilliant and popular success, will not only prosper, but deserve prosperity by careful study of her exacting art. Her father's exceedingly skilful Malvolio, the inherent humour of which is greatly overrated, may well serve as an object-lesson. In the meantime, one may heartily congratulate her and her deservedly popular parents upon her triumph.

Though last not least, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's play claims attention. I trust that her husband, the Cabinet Minister, has no prerogative powers enabling him to deal with dramatic critics who underrate the work which excited a colossal commotion in Camden Town. Had "Warp and Woof" come from an unknown hand, we should have said that it was promising, but marred by the unreality of the scenes among the "smart" people; and praised the truth and sincerity of the work-people scenes, though sorely puzzled as to the reality of Theo; and, after this, inevitably would have come the remark that the dramatist has selected, or say, invented, a theme rich in opportunity, and, owing to want of skill, been unable to take sufficient advantage of her opportunities. As the matter is, the remark about the unreality of the "smart set" scenes would seem absurd but for the fact that knowledge is not always power of presentation. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing; great knowledge is a serious obstacle to exposition. So we all believed more in the shop-girls than in the ladies who talked of "brick-dust" instead of breakfast and called their men acquaintances by nicknames, yet, somehow, seemed no more genuine than the aristocratic personages in the melodramas written by people who have never seen the inside of a Mayfair drawing-room or a boudoir in Belgravia. Yet it is agreeable to see a lady of talent and position who, when she takes to play-writing, sees what so many of the professionals fail to notice—namely, the fact that the real dramas are lying in the everyday life around us. A little more knowledge of the craft added to her natural gifts would have enabled Mrs. Lyttelton to write the play of the year, instead of a rather disappointing experimental work with but one fairly good Act in three. That knowledge must have shown her that the three "upper-circle" folk—Lady Jenny, Miss Ponsonby, and Captain Harwood—are over or under developed, and that Theo is little more than a shadow. Even Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whilst making Theo interesting, could not cause her to seem a striking figure—perhaps a manner less restrained, a method more melodramatic than that of Mrs. "Pat," always our most unstagey actress, would have been more serviceable. Still, the play, though it hung fire at times, is decidedly interesting throughout, and, if disappointed of the thrills they were entitled to expect, the playgoers were certainly never bored by it.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: AN AMERICAN STUDY.



MISS ALICE DE WINTON, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

ROYAL ETON:

SOME NOTES ON THE MOST FAMOUS SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

THEIR MAJESTIES' visit to Eton, coming so quickly after the time-honoured celebrations of the Fourth of June, serves to recall the wealth of tradition and amusing reminiscence and associations possessed by what may surely be called the most famous school in the world. It is curious to reflect how the national love of individuality comes out even in the characteristic celebrations of our Public Schools. Harrow has her Speech Day, Winchester her "Ad Portas" and her "Domum," with the school song sung in "Meads"; there is the Westminster Play; and now various schools of the second rank are producing Greek plays. But, in spite of the abolition of the picturesque "Montem," to which, it will be remembered, Sir Benjamin Backbite alludes in a famous passage, Eton retains, perhaps, the strongest individuality of them all.

The Fourth of June itself is probably the solitary celebration of the birthday of his late Majesty King George III. which is still kept up. "Farmer George" had a great affection for the school which his pious predecessor had founded almost at the gates of his beloved Castle of Windsor, and one of his gifts to the College was an enormous silver-gilt model of the chapel, always a centre of interest at the Provost's lunch in hall every Fourth of June.

Eton has been favoured by the reigning House all through her history, but it is curious that not many Royal personages have been, as boys, entrusted to her care. Neither his present Majesty nor the Heir-Apparent ever went to a Public School of any kind, as the late Prince Consort strongly disapproved of the whole system—or want of system, as he would probably have called it. The King's nephew, however, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Albany), was in Mr. Benson's house at Eton, and Prince Arthur of Connaught was also at the school.

This year, His Majesty showed in a very charming and gracious manner his interest in the great school. One of the functions of the Fourth of June is the procession of boats in the evening. Not so very long ago, the crews, in their curious semi-naval uniform, used to row up to Surly, where they supped, but, unfortunately, that historic hostelry has been sold over the heads of the boys, and this year the King arranged for them a comfortable supping-place in the Home Park, which is, of course, His Majesty's private domain.

Mr. Samuel Pepys visited Eton in February 1666. He left his wife in the coach, ungallantly enough, while he went in, and found the boys all writing Latin verses on the Great Plague, which was even then creeping down from London to the country. The whole place Mr. Pepys pronounced "mighty fine," and mighty fine it is still, especially in June. The red-brick walls and towers, whether they belong to the past or are merely modern additions, need the glow of sunlight to bring out the perfection of their beauty. Truth to tell, there is not much that is really ancient now left. The cellar and the part of the hall immediately over it are said to be the only bits of Eton that ever were completed after the original design of the holy but hapless founder, Henry VI. Even as Pepys saw it must have been very different from what it is now.

Certainly there is no school like Eton, if you think of the number of her sons who

have written their names, sometimes in very large letters, on the roll of fame. It has been so for generation after generation. That Old Etonian dinner at which Lord Curzon of Kedleston was entertained, in celebration of his appointment as Viceroy of India, enabled us to realise, more clearly than anything else could, that the whole British Empire is almost, one might say, "run" by Old Etonians.

Modern Eton is different indeed from the Eton of Keate, and even the Eton of Hawtrey. Keate, indeed, who was said to have flogged his Confirmation-class in mistake for the regular list of offenders, would certainly not approve of the milder methods now in vogue.

At the same time, every effort was made in the old days to meet the convenience of boys; thus it is said that Dr. Goodford once flogged an Irish boy, who was going home by the early train on Monday morning, at eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Dr. Goodford was ambitious of a bishopric, forgetting, as one of his victims drily observed, that a Bishop should be "no striker." The old swishing-block is said to have been carried off by the then Lord Waterford in 1833, to serve as a sort of totem of the Eton Club, which he founded, the chief qualification for which was to have made the painful acquaintance of the block at least three times.

The Thames valley is not an ideally healthy situation, and Eton's devotion to games of all kinds is undoubtedly wise. Many of the masters are old "Blues," and a boy can learn cricket and rowing, perhaps, better there than in any other school. As for football, it is neither Rugby nor Association that is played; but Eton has two games of her own—the Eton game and the wall game. The latter must be seen to be believed, the twenty-two players looking rather like Arctic explorers in their "jumpers" made of sacking and

their heads and ears carefully tied up in woollen caps.

In the more modern development of Volunteering, Eton has played her part, and her shooting eight has often done very well. Public speaking is much cultivated, as becomes the nursery of future statesmen, and the greatest of all the Debating Clubs is "Pop." To be President of "Pop" is rather like being President of the Union at Oxford.

Eton has sometimes been compared with a republic, and certainly even the wealthiest Duke finds his own level and is not exempt from the kicks which are so good for his character. Strangers do not always understand that there are two estates at Eton, so to speak—the Collegers, or scholars, and the Oppidans, or boys who have not been elected to any scholarship. Hence it happens that there are two

Captains—the Captain of the School and the Captain of the Oppidans. Naturally, the Collegers are expected to work harder than the Oppidans, but, at the same time, a relentless standard is expected from all, and a boy has to leave if he does not attain it.

In truth, many books might be written about Eton and Etonians; but it all comes to this, that the great school is and remains, as the poet sings, the "Star that the spell of a wise man's word bade live, and ascend, and abide."



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON AS AN ETON BOY.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton



A PICTURESQUE GATEWAY AT ETON COLLEGE.

ROYAL ETON: SOME UP-TO-DATE PORTRAITS.



REV. DR. HORNBY (PROVOST).



REV. DR. WARRE (HEADMASTER).



MR. AUSTEN-LEIGH (LOWER MASTER).



ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE WEIR STREAM.



MR. R. S. DURNFORD, CAPTAIN OF
OPPIDANS.



MR. B. C. R. LODER, CAPTAIN OF
SHOOTING EIGHT.



MR. D. C. BOLES, PRESIDENT OF
"POP."

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS EMERANCE, COUNTESS DE CHAMP AZUR, AND MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS MONSIEUR COQUENARD.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.



MISS KITTY GORDON AS AGATHA (MADAME COQUENARD).



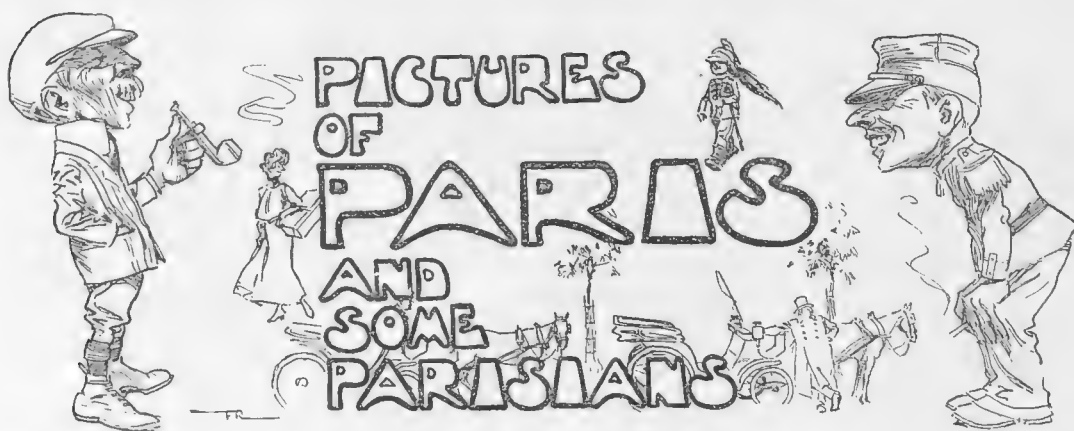
MISS HILDA CORAL AS ELISA (A FLORIST).



Miss Rosina Brandram.

MISS RUTH VINCENT AS HÉLÈNE DE SOLANGES.

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

I.—THE CABARET DES QUATZ'-ARTS.

"BONJOUR, Messieurs, Madame, la compagnie." The voice, a gramphonic, wheezy little voice, came from somewhere below our knees, and, looking down from contemplation of the pictures, we saw a personage who, save that he had no pointed cap upon his head, and was dressed in a suit of customary black, might well have been one of the goblins who made off with Gabriel Grub!

"Cakesy sah?" said Harold, who is proud of his French.

"Chasseur d'Afrique!" said the New Yorker, this being his favourite exclamation, and one of the few French expressions of which he really has a mastery.

"Permit," the Vicomte said, bowing to Mademoiselle, "permit I make the introduction."

He removed that queer, flat-brimmed top-hat of his, which Mademoiselle says *will* remind her of Mr. Frank Nainby, turned his toes out and elbows in, and "made the introduction" thus, in polished French: "Le Club of the Café; Monsieur Auguste, le Dwarf of the Quatz'-Arts, singster inimitable." And, in a lower voice to Harold, "There are two of him."

Harold was saying that there hardly seemed to be sufficient to make one of him, and the Vicomte, whom we love to have about with us as much as possible, because his English teaches us more about idiomatic French than we could ever learn from grammars, began explaining that he meant that, besides Auguste, there was another tiny little man, named Delphin, in the same line of business, when Théophile, the burly drawer, leaned forward over his beer-frothed, zinc-covered counter and reminded us that the door to the concert-room was open. So we took the hint and went in.

A low-ceilinged room, which the two beams seem to make lower-ceilinged still, panelled in oak—dark oak; an atmosphere of coffee-fumes and of tobacco-smoke; small tables of the breadth of rout-seats, cane-bottomed chairs in rows; pictures by Steinlen, Caran d'Ache, Guillaume, Léandre, Truchet, Guirand de Scaevola, and a dozen other Masters of Montmartre; plaster casts on carved oak brackets, a piano and a baby platform in one corner, and a Sergeant de Ville a good deal more than half asleep in the other.

"He cuts the songs up rough when necessary," said the Vicomte, thus explaining that the sergeant of the town was there as the official representative of the Censor.

The audience was a very cinématographe of Paris. Men-about-town in evening-dress, accompanied by ladies gorgeously attired, who rustled silk and sprayed the thickness of the atmosphere with mingled perfumes; young shopmen seeing life; artists in shoals, and of all kinds, from the Svengali type to the well-dressed and neatly booted "arrivé" from the Parc Monceau district; men of music, men of letters, men without them; men of business; and of women, every class except the one which does not wear a hat when out of doors. For no

"Our excellent comrade, cleverest of men, notre ami Dominus, will now oblige," he says. He is Dominus himself, and, without further prelude save a rippling vamp from the accompanist, he throws himself headlong into a ditty of his own composition. The waiter, who was serving drinks, leaves everything just where it is and scurries to the door, for the performers here are poet-singers and will not be interrupted by the clatter of soucoupes and spoons.

After his song—a cruel attack on that most unpopular of Ministers, M. Combes—Dominus sings another, one which would make a gendarme blush, and which the Vicomte tries, but fails, to Bowdlerise for Mademoiselle. Then he recites, and then throws his head backwards—that's his way of bowing—and disappears.

Other song-poets follow, and a shadow-play upon a tiny curtain two feet square which is behind the pianist. It is an extraordinary and lifelike parody of the street-singer outside a café, singing a sentimental ballad with all kinds of interruptions, and the audience so rises at it that some of them offer coppers. Then more songs and more recitations, political, pathetic, laughable, and blush-inspiring, and "La parole passe à notre amie, Georgette de Bertigny," says the last singer.

There is a hum of interest, and, as she does not come immediately, we compare notes, and all agree how curiously artistic is the show. Our entertainers, although their profession is to write songs, and singing them is but a short road to their wares' advertisement, are all of them born actors, and their casual manner of communing



She stands there like a tragedy in miniature, her hands behind her back.

with the audience between the verses is extraordinarily effective. The whole thing is more like a friendly evening at the Sketch Club than a paying show. We are here in Bohemia, and good-fellowship is in the air—what there is of it.

Then Georgette de Bertigny steps out through the haze, and stands, a tragic little figure, on the platform by the piano. Her hair and eyes are ebony-black; her face, thin-lipped and pale, is like a mask of ivory. There is no life whatever in it. She stands there like a tragedy in miniature, her hands behind her back, unseeing, motionless. Then, to a low, monotonously modulated melody, she sings a song of utter misery and passion, and, as she sings, her eyes and face light up. The mask of ivory gleams as though there were living light behind it, and the sweet, low voice stirs us as but few singers can. The music ceases. And the light behind the ivory goes out again as Georgette bows her thanks for our enthusiasm.

"The woman is a concentrated essence of despair," said Harold, with a gulp. "Let us get out."

"What is the cause of it?" whispers Mademoiselle, wiping her eyes.

"Morphia," replies the Vicomte, tersely, "morphia—and probably a man."



A good deal more than half asleep.

head-covering in the evening in Paris means, not a woman of the world, or half-world, who has been out to dinner and the theatre, but one who would not care to face the slumbering representative of law and order in the corner.

A man in a semi-military coat, close-buttoned to the throat—to emphasise, no doubt, the fact that what he has of linen is extremely dirty—steps up on to the platform.

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.

By Frank Reynolds, R.I.



AUGUSTE AND THÉOPHILE OF THE CABARET DES QUATZ'-ARTS.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

"THE most public-spirited actor in England" is, by common consent, the title awarded to Mr. Edward Terry, who has of late been winning fresh laurels and more "golden opinions" by his performance in "The House of Burnside," in which his character demands the exhibition of strength and an almost tragic intensity, instead of the lighter vein with which his talent is usually associated.



"MORNING!"

is quite different to-day from what it was when Mr. Terry first went to live there. Then it was a village with, perhaps, four thousand inhabitants, and Mr. Terry presented an avenue of fifty trees—sometimes known as "Terry's Walk." To-day, however, Barnes is a thriving town with probably ten thousand people, who are "mostly Cockney," as Mr. Terry suggests with the well-known comic inflection in his voice and the merry twinkle in his eye.

When he first went to Barnes, there existed a very old inhabitant, an authority on ancient ways, who had been sexton. Mr. Terry was walking out with a friend one day, when the old gentleman hailed him with, "You're Terry, the actor, ain't you?" Resenting the tone, Mr. Terry answered, "What?" The sexton said, "You're Mr. Terry, ain't you?" Mr. Terry replied, "Yes." "Ah," said he, looking the actor up and down, "*I buried* Drinkwater Meadows!"—a comedian who had lived in Barnes as a neighbour of Charles Mathews.

Mr. Terry's house at Barnes, however, is still within half-an-hour of Terry's Theatre, and he always brings a suggestion of his devotion to the open-air life he enjoys there in his garden, in the shape of a sprig of sweet-brier, which he so constantly wears in his coat that, in the Strand, he is commonly known as "the man with the sweet-brier," though it can hardly be supposed that any of the *habitués* of the rapidly changing thoroughfare can be unaware of the identity of the proprietor of the theatre which celebrates its seventeenth birthday this year.

It is twenty years more than that, however, since Mr. Terry made his first appearance in London at the Surrey Theatre, so that he has seen the great change which has been wrought in the mounting of domestic pieces as well as by long runs, of which he himself has been a victim, if not a martyr.

At the time of its production in 1888, he played Dick Phenyl in "Sweet Lavender" close on seven hundred times, and the total number of performances he has given of one of the most fascinating characters Mr. Pinero has invented reaches a total of somewhere between three and four thousand. The exact number it is impossible to state, for the simple reason that Mr. Terry has himself lost count.

This single character furnishes as vivid a contrast as could be imagined between Mr. Terry's present experience and that of his early days. In his first pantomime engagement he wrote all the songs, half the libretto, and played the chief part at a salary of nominally eighteen shillings a week. Really it was a fluctuating salary, but at its best it never reached within three shillings of that amount, and those three shillings represented the rise in salary from his previous

Most actors of a philanthropic turn of mind content themselves with confining their attention to the work of the theatre. Mr. Terry, however, goes farther afield, for, in addition to a close connection with practically all the theatrical charities, he is on the Council of the Foundling and Charing Cross Hospitals, Female Orphan Asylum, Holborn Estate Charity, and other similar institutions, while he is, as one of his biographers has described it, "a parochial bigwig" at Barnes, where he is also a Trustee of the Local Charity. Barnes

engagement. Indeed, Mr. Terry's salaries were so fluctuating that he wrote to a friend of his that, until he had received a salary for three consecutive weeks, he would not believe there was such a thing as a salary in the dramatic profession. At last the happy day arrived when he did receive his third consecutive salary, and his letter to his friend was characteristic. It contained only these words: "Hurrah! I've got it. There *are* salaries."

For eighteen shillings a week Mr. Terry used to play eighteen new parts a week and sing between the Acts four comic songs which he wrote himself. Life was strenuous then, for his day would begin at eight. After breakfast, he would be at the theatre at ten, rehearse until five, go home and have a meal which only a dramatic imagination could dignify with the name of dinner, return to the theatre, act, and, after returning home, sit up until four studying new parts.

Such training, as Mr. Terry says, taught men their business. Nowadays, actors who get salaries of from six to eight pounds a week or more have to be trained by the manager and taught how to do such "acting" as is required of them.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Terry was not intended for the stage. He began life in the City, and at times, while going to the office—his way led past Newgate—he would unintentionally be compelled to be a spectator of the public executions which took place at the time. At the age of nineteen, he decided definitely for the theatre, and secured an engagement at Christchurch, Hampshire, at a salary of fifteen shillings a week. He went to Christchurch, but could find no theatre. At the end of a week, he went to the librarian of the local institute, who informed him, "There ain't no theatre, but I believe one is coming some day."

For that "some day" Mr. Terry waited. It arrived the following week. "The theatre" consisted, for the most part, of a carrier's cart containing "bits of scenery and a grey, glazed-linen sky-border," as Mr. Terry has himself described it. By the cart was a lady with a bundle and a small boy, while in the hall was the manager himself, as notorious a bogus manager as ever disgraced the theatrical profession. Mr. Terry was informed that he was to open that night in "The Colleen Bawn," and was cast for Hardress Cregan, the lover of Eily. He was given a book and told to return it in half-an-hour, when he had copied out his part. He had been engaged for the leading low-comedy part, and objected that it was not low-comedy, on which the manager reluctantly admitted that "it was not *exactly* low-comedy." The part was changed for that of Myles, which was not to be found in the book, as it was an earlier drama than Boucicault's.

Everyone remembers the famous Cave Scene in "The Colleen Bawn." In this theatre, however, a chair did duty for one rock and a table for another, while the water was represented by blue gauze stretched across the stage. There was, of course, no boat and no rope for Myles to swing to the cave, and the heroine disappeared into the cave by the simple expedient of moving one of the loose boards of which the stage was formed. Myles had to dive into the water to save the heroine,



"STUDY!"

and Mr. Terry, in his excitement pulling his wig off, simply dived from his chair on to the floor, with disastrous results to his head, and the accompaniment of such applause that the manager, after the performance, declared "he'd make a grand actor," and put eighteenpence into his hand, with the remark, "Here is something for you, me bhoy." The next night, Mr. Terry received two shillings. Evidently thinking that they were bonuses, he asked one of the other members of the Company what it meant, and was told it was his salary, which was paid in so remarkable a fashion that it



"GARDEN!"

LXXXI.—MR. EDWARD TERRY.



"DOG!"



"HORSE!"



"PARROT!"

never amounted to the promised fifteen shillings a week.

After four years in the provinces, Mr. Terry came to London, and, considering the way in which actors change their management to-day, the number of theatres he acted in was remarkably few. After leaving the Surrey, he went to the Lyceum in 1868, and, in the following year, to the Strand, where he remained for six years. In 1875 he went to the Gaiety, where he remained until 1884, and, after playing at the Olympic and one or two other houses, he became the proprietor of his own theatre, which has naturally been his London home ever since.

The actor's is essentially a travelling life, and Mr. Terry is probably the most travelled actor on the stage, though a great deal of his journeying has been for pleasure. If he does not, like one of our popular authors, make a point of travelling ten thousand miles a year, he has yet travelled far, and this is the first time for fourteen years he has not been to sea during his vacation. He has been all over Europe, as well as in India, the Polar regions as far as seventy-nine degrees North, Australia, and South Africa, though he has visited the last two countries only professionally. His visit to India was inspired by the desire to go over the scenes made famous by the Mutiny, which moved him greatly when he was a little boy.

In India his reception was so remarkable both from the English representatives and the native Princes that it was everywhere said that "Edward Terry travels like an Ambassador." The Maharajahs, indeed, used to send their elephants or carriages for him in order to bring him to their palaces. Only one performance did Mr. Terry give in India. This was when, at the special request of the Governor of Bombay, he played "Kerry" for the benefit of the European Hospital. He was also asked to play "Sweet Lavender" in Calcutta, but, as he was a two days' journey away from there, in the Himalayas, he had to decline the invitation.

One of the curious episodes in Mr. Terry's life occurred when he was recently in South Africa. He was at Ladysmith Station, and noticed a lady and gentleman standing by an enormous pile of luggage. They looked like a newly married couple who were doing the battlefields of South Africa. Presently the gentleman advanced. "Yes, I am Edward Terry," Mr. Terry replied, in answer to the question. "Do you remember," said the stranger, "singing the Showman's Song in a burlesque of 'Little Doctor Faust'?" Naturally, Mr. Terry did, for he sang it hundreds of times, and his Mephistopheles was one of his great successes at the Gaiety. "Well," continued the stranger, "I have just bought the copyright of that song, and when I get back home I will send you a few copies."

Mr. Terry's own experience of buying copyright songs has in it at least one striking instance. In the first burlesque in which he acted, "The Pilgrim of Love," he wrote a song called "Complaints; or, The Ills of Life." He sold it for ten pounds. Some years after, the publisher's effects were put up to auction, and Mr. Terry thought he would like to re-acquire the copyright of his work. He did, but he had to pay a hundred and ninety-six pounds for it.



"GRANDCHILDREN!"



"GAME!"



"THEATRE!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE discussion about the reception of American books in this country has been revived by Messrs. Putnam, who have complained that English reviewers fail to do justice to the books issued by American publishers. I cannot think there is much in the complaint. As a matter of fact, American books, and especially American novels, circulate far more largely in this country than they did, say, ten years ago. The huge sales of the United States have not been paralleled here for the very good reason that the Americans outnumber us by two to one, and are, perhaps, also, on the whole, more addicted to buying books. There was a time, say, forty or fifty years ago, when the pirated editions of such American authors as Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and others, were sold in this country perhaps more largely than the works of native production. But the great era of American literature passed. Gradually the American publishers ceased to try for English circulations. Now matters have changed, and the best novels on America have quite a vogue in this country and are read with great relish. I believe that all people care for is the goodness and interest of a book. Give us the attractive book, and we do not mind the nationality of the author. The day seems to be at hand when American books will sell better here than English books sell in America.

Among the friends of the late Frank Norris, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the nearest. She conceived the idea of erecting a memorial upon the little ranch he loved so much. It was decided that this memorial should take the form of a stone seat bearing a suitable inscription. A design was made by Mrs. Stevenson and Gelett Burgess jointly. Mr. Burgess, it will be remembered, spent some time in this country recently, and contributed largely to *The Sketch*. He also was on intimate terms with Mr. Norris. The site of the memorial is upon a small, level spot a few yards below the cabin at the side of the winding road leading up from the Stevenson place. In front, a glorious view of mountain and valley and tangled forest stretches out as far as the eye can reach. Boulders cemented together form the material of the seat.

The intimation that Professor Goldwin Smith was writing his autobiography has naturally led to much comment. Mr. Smith is eighty years of age, and has had a life of unusual intellectual activity. At twenty-four he was an Oxford Fellow; shortly after, he was the Assistant Secretary to the first Oxford Inquiry Commission, and Secretary to the Second Commission; later, he was made a member of the Commission to investigate the general education system of the United Kingdom, and at thirty-five he became Regius Professor of History at Oxford, holding the chair for eight years. In this position he has had among his successors Freeman, Froude, and York Powell. It was in 1864 that Mr. Smith made his first visit to the United States. He was there during the campaign for the re-election of Lincoln, in the

days when Grant was wearing out the long and heroic resistance of the Confederates, and his sympathies were warmly with the North. Ultimately he became Professor of History at Cornell University, holding the chair only for a few years. Afterwards he settled down in Toronto, where he has since remained. Nobody has been able to understand why Mr. Goldwin Smith has been so long a resident in Canada. It is certainly not because he has been in sympathy with the prevailing sentiment in Canada, for he is a warm advocate of a union between the United States and the Dominion. It is also a mystery that, with all his wealth of information and his singular command of lucid and trenchant English, he has never written a great book. Practically all his books are collections

of occasional articles and lectures. In Toronto he conceived and carried out the singular idea of publishing a magazine to be entirely written by himself, and he issued the *Bystander* for several years. I have a bound copy of the periodical, and value it highly. It contains, perhaps, the very best specimens of Mr. Goldwin Smith's style, and no living man wields the English language with more effect. Long ago, in the early days of the *Saturday Review*, the editor, J. D. Cook, pronounced Smith the most brilliant among a very brilliant band of contributors.

With regard to the autobiography, Mr. Goldwin Smith says that he is not to write an autobiography in the proper sense of the term. "The events of a life like mine are not of sufficient importance or interest to be recorded. I may leave behind me some reminiscences of men with whom I have conversed and things which I have seen, but I am putting nothing in the hands of a publisher." There is a distinct difference between an autobiography and reminiscences, but, for my part, I prefer a combination of the two.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is becoming very popular in America. All his recent books have been well received, and for everything he writes

there is a growing audience. One very friendly critic declares that Mr. Chesterton "exercises his bright talent and observation in a manner to attract and charm," although readers confess to be slightly puzzled by "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." He says: "The book is so exquisitely subtle that we fear its moral will never be thoroughly understood out of England—perhaps not out of Mr. Chesterton's set."

Mr. Landor's new book, the "Gems of the East," describes scoutings in the dim corners of those islands of the sea where the Malays dwell. He promises his readers a journey to a most enchanting country, a land full of weird surprises, of magnificent scenery and ideal vegetation, with an assortment of delightful people, Christian and non-Christian. He gives warning, however, that in his journeys one must be prepared for cholera, and leprosy, and the plague, and small-pox, and a great variety of ugly skin-diseases and tropical fevers, only "if you are sensible enough you will catch nothing." o. o.



RESEARCHES IN THE DANCE: II.—THE WIG-AND-POWDER SCHOOL.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"A LOST EDEN."

BY M. E. BRADDON.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

It is a pleasure, even to the most hardened reviewer, to open anything from Miss Braddon's pen, for she is one of the few popular novelists who never put forth slovenly, ill-constructed work. For more than forty years she has delighted her hosts of readers with story after story, many of them of really notable excellence, and all of them as conscientiously constructed and studied as if she had never written such tremendous successes as "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd."

Now, in this her latest book, there is not the faintest sign of flagging power. It is the old vivid, vigorous Miss Braddon we have known so long; the same admirable character - drawing, orderly development of plot, and brilliant descriptive power, all illumined with the old wholesome, natural humour. The period is mid-Victorian; we begin with the funeral of the "Iron Duke," and the whole atmosphere of that time, which is so near to us and yet seems so distant, is wonderfully realised. Marion Sandford, beautiful and good, is loved *pour le mauvais motif* by Edward Vernham, an aristocratic painter. His egotism is most powerfully drawn, and, as he does not stick at abduction and a



MR. E. F. BENSON, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

chloroformed handkerchief, there is no lack of incident in the story. Donaldson, the honest, widowed shipowner who also loves Marion, with his two little girls and his rather prim sister, is admirably drawn, and thoroughly deserves his happiness at the end. It is long since there has been in fiction so charming a picture of wilful young girlhood as Marion's sister, Flora, and her achievements on the stage introduce us to some deliciously humorous studies of life "behind the scenes."

"THE WHEELING LIGHT."

BY FERGUS HUME.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Mr. Fergus Hume is obviously a firm believer in the dictum that "It does not matter if one is ridiculous so long as one is satisfactory to oneself," adding "and to one's reader." Having found an audience, he is the last man in the world to disappoint it. He has made his methods familiar to a considerable section of the public, has found that the material he has supplied to it has given satisfaction, and refuses, in consequence, to experiment. "The Wheeling Light" is neither better nor worse than its numerous predecessors. As in them, a mysterious crime forms the basis of the plot; as in them, the characters, without exception, are laudably anxious supporters of their creator's, craving for complications; as in them, the web of circumstance involves now one, now another, of the personages concerned until the recital of their sane and insane doings has filled the requisite number of pages and the psychological moment for elucidation has arrived. Personally, our interest in Mr. Hume's work is marred by the knowledge that the least likely person, or, at best, one of the least likely persons, will eventually be saddled with the responsibility of the crime; but, as we have said, Mr. Hume knows his public. Doubtless, from his own point of view, he is wise in relying upon a tried method, but it is, nevertheless, regrettable that he does not employ his exuberant imagination and fertility of resource to better purpose.

"ODDITIES, OTHERS, AND I."

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.
(Hutchinson. 16s.)

"Oddities, Others, and I," a companion volume to "Celebrities and I," leaves the reader in the same pleasing state of doubt as did the earlier of the two books as to whether the "I" is to be included among the oddities, the others, or the mere celebrities. The "I," when all is said and done, is Miss Henriette Corkran, who has discovered that the frank revelation of eccentricity finds a ready *imprimatur*. She did it once, she has done it again, and, if oddities, celebrities, others, and the

inevitable Ego hold out, there is nothing to prevent the continuance of the series *ad infinitum*. Miss Corkran makes no doubt of her calling and election to be a writer. She is letting her "pen like a horse trot with the bridle loose. . . . As Buffon wisely said, '*Le style est l'homme même*' (sic): in my case *c'est la femme*." After this challenge, we confess we looked carefully at *le style*, with edifying results. Miss Corkran certainly fulfils her promise of candour. Her love-affairs are set out with the minuteness of a Crabbe, and quite a considerable portion of the book is devoted to the story of a proposal from the eccentric literary man and widower, Dr. C., whose identity we have no difficulty in recognising. Other proposals are set forth with equal fidelity. The author plays battledore and shuttlecock with eminent names and personalities, Swinburne, Irving, Wills, Beerbohm Tree, Samuel Butler, Leighton, Whistler, and the great company of talent. Leighton scolded her for lack of finish in her painting. She told Whistler, and he asked her why she did not retort to the President, "Why did *you* ever begin?" Is this story quite new? But, amid so much frankness, why are we not told who was the elderly novelist with whom Miss Corkran held a cosy yet uncomfortable *tête-à-tête*? Diligent literary biographers must really wring a confession from her before it is too late. Incidentally, we grieve that Mr. Andrew Lang has been credited with an impossible rhyme in a misquotation. But it is ungrateful to carp, for the charm of the book is its careless and artless strain.

"THE DESCENT OF MAN."

BY EDITH WHARTON.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

This collection of short stories proves Miss Edith Wharton to have a special aptitude for this kind of fiction, for they show originality, subtlety, and humour, the latter in no small degree. They may be said to stand the test of the volume form extremely well, and although the talent may lie more in the way the story is presented than in the actual story itself, they lose nothing in interest on this account. In "The Other Two," the extraordinary and amusing situation may not appeal to the average English reader who is unaccustomed to the easy divorce laws of the Americans, and they will probably prefer the tragic seriousness of "The Letter," with its Italian setting. Miss Wharton delights in taking up unusual situations and working them out in an analytical spirit, probing the motives of her characters with hair-splitting finesse. Her unexpectedness is a great charm. For instance, in "The Mission of Jane" one is almost on the point of believing the child adopted by Mrs. Lethbury is to be the salvation of the household and save her marriage from proving the failure it threatens to become; but this is too trite a theme for the author. Jane certainly does bring her adopted parents together, but not quite in the way one would imagine. As she grows up, her preternatural goodness and her yearning to reform everybody—not excluding her parents—make her so unspeakably wearing that Mr. and Mrs. Lethbury meet on the ground of a most earnest desire to be rid of her, and, in their secret exultation over her entry into the bonds of wedlock and their agonised fear that the lover may go off his bargain, they are a more united couple than they have ever been. The story from which the book derives its name is perhaps the most complete, and is certainly the most ironical of them all. In the collection also is a real old-fashioned ghost-story, "The Lady's Maid's Bell," which forms a strange contrast to these ultra-modern studies.

"THE RAGGED MESSENGER."

BY W. B. MAXWELL.
(Richards. 6s.)

The promise which the critics discovered in Mr. Maxwell's short stories—or in some of them—is amply fulfilled in this more ambitious work. It is a very daring book, but the whole conception, striking and even terrible as it is, is carried out in a fashion which can only be called masterly. Mr. Vavasour, hermit and multi-millionaire, lands at Liverpool from America in a dying state, accompanied only by a woman who is not his wife. On his death-bed in the Liverpool hotel he breaks his promise to this woman, and she disappears entirely after he has executed a will leaving everything he possesses to his cousin, the Rev. John Morton. Now Morton is no ordinary parson. To him the injunction "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" is to be obeyed literally. With dramatic suddenness, this man is made by Vavasour's will the absolute master of £10,000,000 sterling. The first thing he does is to marry a woman whom he believes he has rescued from moral destruction, but who is really Vavasour's former mistress, and then he sets to work to get rid of his mountain of gold. Institutions, hospitals, pensions, and so on, are obvious; Morton's originality is shown in a great and beautiful refuge for women in the heart of London—the House of the Woman of Samaria. He has a few trusted lieutenants—a retired doctor, a Peer's daughter, an old tradesman, and an ex-detective, all admirably drawn characters. They suspect his wife of infidelity, and there is a wonderful scene in which he confounds their suspicions, though he knows that she is guilty. She leaves him, only to return to die at the house that he has built for such as she is. The final scene of her repentance and his refusal to be divided from her even by death is the artistically inevitable climax. Humour, observation, satire—all are shown in this extraordinary book.

SYMPATHETIC STUDY OF A SCOTCHMAN.

BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



"AND WHAUR'S THE PROVISION FOR THE PUIR BACHELOR?"

THE HUMOURIST AND THE DISTRICT VISITOR.



'I suppose, like me, you have your troubles?'
"Yes, Mum, *just* like you!"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



REFLECTIONS.

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

THE AMBASSADOR'S
DILEMMA.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



SIR RONALD STOURTON, the recently appointed British Ambassador to the Kingdom of Theos, was apparently finding his post not altogether one of roses. He sat before his study-table, a heavy frown upon his forehead, looking steadily out of the window, away across the picturesque city, to where the great mountains southwards topped the skies. Below him, on his desk, was a short despatch and an unlocked cipher-book, but upon neither of them did he seem to be bestowing the least attention. Nor did he seem to be finding any particular inspiration in the sounds of rejoicing which from time to time found their way in through the open window from the streets and thoroughfares below. A few squares away the Cathedral bells were chiming. From the great stone barracks on the top of the hill came the occasional booming of cannon. Stourton neither listened to these things nor watched the crowds of people in holiday attire who thronged the streets below. He had the appearance of a man disturbed by perplexing thoughts.

The door was presently opened. Lady Stourton came and leaned over his shoulder.

"Well?" she asked.

His face lightened a little as he turned to look at her. Lady Stourton had usually that effect upon people.

"I had a despatch an hour ago," he said, tapping the paper in front of him with his forefinger. "We are not to attend the ball this evening."

"Ronald!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"My instructions are clear enough," he said. "We are not to attend the ball or to commit ourselves to any formal recognition of Philip of Saxingham. I must act upon them."

The trouble in his face was reflected upon hers.

"It is surely mistaken policy," she said. "You will be the only absentee, and Philip of Saxingham is not the man to forget."

"It is true," he agreed. "Our position here will be almost untenable, and, politically speaking, we shall simply put ourselves entirely out of the running. Philip of Saxingham is the only man who can save this country from a revolution and subsequent partition. If the order of his coming to the throne is a little irregular, the circumstances justified it. Russia, Austria, and Germany will be represented to-night, and, I believe, France. We are going to commit political suicide."

"Lord Sendon must be mad!" Esther exclaimed, frowning. "However, so far as you are concerned, you have nothing to worry about. You cannot be blamed for obeying instructions."

It was a large room and the door was fast closed. Nevertheless, Stourton glanced round uneasily and dropped his voice as he continued.

"Esther," he said, "it sounds foolish, but, to tell you the truth, I am most uncomfortable about this affair. My despatch home strongly commended the Saxingham cause. I stated that all the Powers would probably extend their recognition to him. I almost took it for granted that I should be empowered to attend the ball to-night, and the Coronation to-morrow. I looked upon it as a certainty. I do not understand this despatch."

"The cipher is all right?" she asked, quickly.

"It is in perfect order," he answered, "except that the May cipher is used instead of the June, and this is June 1."

"Is that very unusual?" she asked.

"I have known it happen before," he admitted; "once only. I dare not discredit the cable for this reason alone. To tell you the truth, Esther, there is something else which is worrying me. Whom do you think I saw in Theos yesterday?"

"I have no idea."

"Leparge! Not only that, but he was coming out of the Russian Embassy, and he tried his best to avoid me. Now, I may be superstitious, Esther, but, if there is one person in this world of whom I have a wholesome dread, it is Michael Leparge."

"I'm not surprised," his wife answered. "The old reprobate! Whatever can he be doing in Theos, Ronald?"

"Exactly what I should like to know myself," Stourton answered. "It seems rather idiotic, but every time I look at my inexplicable

instructions I think of him. He is not only a political adventurer of the worst type, but he is a positive Anglomaniac."

There was a discreet tap at the door. Stourton's servant entered.

"Will your Excellency receive Count Ormsdorf?" he inquired, respectfully.

"By all means," Stourton answered. "Let me see you again before you go out, Esther," he added, hastily.

She nodded, and turned away. On the threshold she came face to face with the Russian Ambassador.

"Ah, Madame," he exclaimed, "I owe both you and your husband a thousand apologies! To have disturbed my friend in his diplomatic labours was a contingency which I was prepared to face, but if I have shortened your visit to him I am afraid I may not hope for forgiveness."

"On the contrary," she answered, smiling graciously, "I think that you will find my husband more disposed for conversation with you than idling with me."

"It is incredible," the Russian declared, gravely. "Since I have had the good fortune to see you, may I inquire in what costume you will honour the ball to-night?"

Esther hesitated for the merest fraction of a second.

"Count," she said, "I am astonished at your question! Don't you know that the two questions which you may never ask a woman are her age and the dress—she is going to wear?"

She swept away with a little farewell nod. The Russian bowed low, to hide the smile upon his lips.

"Such discretion in a woman," he murmured, "and an English-woman! It is marvellous! Well, my friend Stourton," he added, entering the room, "how goes it?"

Stourton shrugged his shoulders, and pushed forward the cigarettes. "Well enough outside, to judge by the row," he remarked. "Is this an official visit, Count?"

"Not in the least, although it may be a farewell one," the Russian answered. "They tell me that you are going to occupy the diplomatic arm-chairs in solitary state to-night."

"Indeed?" Stourton answered, calmly. "I understood that your presence was a certainty, Count?"

Ormsdorf shook his head slowly.

"I have no special instructions," he answered, "and without them I shall not enter the Palace. They are not likely to arrive now."

"Precisely my position," Stourton answered, drawing the code-book across the despatch-form which lay upon his table. "Awful lot of fuss about nothing, I think. I rather like Saxingham myself."

"A strong man," the Russian answered, "but unfortunate. What excellent cigarettes! There is really a chance, then, that you may not be at the Palace yourself?"

"There is a chance," Stourton admitted, in an even tone. "There is a chance both ways. What absurd things these fêtes are!"

"Curious, too," the Russian remarked, "what a cosmopolitan crowd they bring into a city. By-the-bye, I had a visitor yesterday who was inquiring for you."

"Indeed?" Stourton answered, politely.

The Russian blew away a cloud of smoke from in front of his face and shot a keen glance at his host. Stourton was to all appearance unconscious. Perhaps, then, he had not seen Leparge.

"I have quite forgotten his name," Ormsdorf continued. "However, I fancy that his inquiry was quite a casual one."

They were disturbed for a moment by the entrance of Stourton's servant, who carried two cards upon a salver to his master. The Russian rose at once to his feet.

"I will not detain you," he declared. "My visit was in no way an official one. You have probably more important callers."

"Hirshfeld and De. Grisson," Stourton remarked. "Their call is probably also a friendly one. Will you not stay and hear the news, Count?"

"Willingly," the Russian answered. "Send me away in an instant if you think it best, but, from their calling together, it is obvious that their visit is not official. À la bonne heure, mon cher De Grisson!"

Stourton stood with his back to the writing-table. Instinctively he was assured of some hidden purpose in these somewhat unusual calls. He welcomed his visitors civilly, and waited for them to declare themselves.

"Our visit, my dear Sir Ronald," Hirshfeld said, "is not in the least official. To tell the truth, we went first to our friend Ormsdorf, and, learning that he had come here, we followed. De Grisson here and I are perplexed. The time is growing very short, and we are without any instructions from either Berlin or Paris to attend the ball to-night. How is it with you, Sir Ronald?"

Stourton calmly lit a cigarette. He knew very well that he was being closely watched.

"I am still in communication with London," he said, quietly. "I expect to receive another message immediately. As this is purely an unofficial visit, gentlemen, I shall offer no apology for changing the conversation. I am particularly anxious to have your opinion, Monsieur de Grisson, on my English thoroughbreds."

Lady Stourton rejoined her husband as soon as his guests had departed. "It is settled, then, that we do not go to-night, Ronald?" she asked.

"It is settled that you will not go, Esther," he answered, "because in about an hour or so we are going to have a carriage-accident. But, so far as I am concerned, anything might happen."

"A carriage-accident!" Lady Stourton exclaimed. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," Sir Ronald answered. "I can turn up like a Jack-in-the-box at the last moment if needs be, but nothing of that sort can happen so far as you are concerned. An ordinary illness is too thin. I am going to drive you into a lamp-post—horses frightened by the shouting and crowds, you know—and see that it gets into the paper."

"How remarkably pleasant!" Esther declared, "I am not sure that I will drive with you this afternoon."

"I won't hurt you," he laughed. "Don't pretend to be afraid, because I am quite sure that you are not."

"But you? Are you expecting another despatch, then?"

He nodded. "I am praying for one," he answered. "I sent Paulton off this morning by the eight o'clock train to Vienna, with instructions to cable Sendon from every telegraph-office *en route*, asking for a confirmation of this first despatch. If I get it—well, I'm not responsible for blunders in Downing Street. If this message has been tampered with—well, I ought to hear in time to make some sort of a show to-night."

"What about the others?" Esther asked.

"I am quite sure that they are all going," Stourton answered, "because they have all gone out of their way to come here and assure me that they are not."

Esther laughed.

"And this is what people call diplomacy!" she exclaimed.

A mendicant in horn spectacles, bent and wizened with apparent age, leaned his tray of wares upon a side-table and tapped upon the shoulder of a masked soldier, whose uniform and decorations easily betrayed his nationality.

"Ormsdorf, one moment!"

Count Ormsdorf laughed softly as he drew back behind a pillar.

"You are a genius, Michael!" he exclaimed. "I could not even have guessed whom you were but for your voice. How goes everything?"

"I have spoken to the Prince. He will not believe that Stourton is not here. When he is convinced he will be furious. All goes as we planned. There is not an absentee amongst the Royalists or the foreign representatives. The Saxingham régime is established."

"Good! You are sure that Stourton is not here?"

"He dare not come. His instructions forbade him. I saw to that."

"A fairly good night's work for you, my friend," the Russian remarked.

The mendicant shrugged his shoulders.

"I have made more with less trouble," he remarked, drily.

"Then you are a devilishly clever fellow," Ormsdorf declared. "At what time do we unmask?"

"At midnight—in twenty minutes."

"Good! I shall make my way to the dais. I want to be the first to make my bow."

The two men separated. The mendicant was about to take up his tray and join the crowd, when his attention was attracted by a tall monk who was leaning against a pillar a few yards away. The monk's costume was severe enough—a coarse brown cloak and hood—but it left his feet exposed. The mendicant looked thoughtfully at the shoes with their silver buckles. He drew a little nearer to the monk.

"Father," he mumbled, "give me your blessing."

The monk wore a mask, but his eyes through the apertures seemed unusually bright. "My blessing," he repeated, slowly. "I fancy, Mr. Michael Leparge, that my blessing would be of little profit to you."

The mendicant laughed.

"You are unjust," he protested. "I can assure you that I am your sincere well-wisher, both for your own sake and your charming wife's. I am so much your well-wisher that I can assure you I am delighted to see you here to-night. I heard a rumour somewhere that you were likely to be an absentee."

"I am an absentee," Stourton answered, calmly. "I do not propose to unmask."

"So Ormsdorf and the others declare. I doubt them all, and you.

The thing is established. Unless you have explicit instructions to the contrary, I should recommend you to make your bow."

Stourton turned away. He was dying to take this wizened-up little man by the shoulders and shake him.

"One does not discuss these things," he remarked.

The mendicant laughed softly as he hobbled away into the crowd.

"My regards to her Ladyship!" he called out as he disappeared.

Midnight was striking. Stourton saw the general move forward towards the dais, and muttered a most un-monk-like curse under his breath. At that moment a servant approached him.

"Monsieur is called upon the telephone," he whispered. "This way."

Stourton hurried through the rooms, now almost deserted by reason of the rush to the dais. The servant, who had good reason to know him, kept by his side.

"One calls Monsieur from a great distance," he explained. "The call is transferred from his house."

Stourton nodded.

"You will keep silent," he said, with a meaning look.

"Monsieur may rest assured," the man declared, earnestly. "If silence is good for him his generosity has assured it. The telephone is here."

Stourton was in a bare-looking room, furnished like an office, and close to the servants' quarters. He took up the receiver, and a weak voice hailed him.

"Sir Ronald?"

"Hullo!"

"A cablegram—here."

"Where are you?"

"Paulton—Vienna. I asked for confirmation any message to you here. Have you received any?"

"None."

"The messages are withheld at your end. Listen. Laturnat."

"Good!"

"Is it in time?"

"Just. Good-bye."

There was a rattle along the wires, and Stourton threw down the receiver. In half-a-dozen strides he was outside the room. In less than thirty seconds he was in the great hall. He tore off his monk's dress and pressed forward. The crowd who were forming in line to pay their respects to Prince Philip knew him by sight and gave way at once. He mounted the steps on the dais, where his coming caused immediate confusion. Hirshfeld and Ormsdorf, who were talking earnestly to the Prince, saw him with amazement. There was a slight inclination amongst those who stood around the Royal party to impede his progress, but Stourton ignored it. He made his way at once to the Prince, who for the moment seemed a little doubtful how to receive him.

"Your Highness," Stourton said, bowing low, "may I ask you to believe that my felicitations, though late, are none the less sincere? At the moment of unmasking I received a call to the telephone, which I could not refuse to answer."

"Your explanation is sufficient, Sir Ronald," the Prince said, more cordially. "I trust that Lady Stourton progresses favourably."

"I am thankful to say that the doctor's last report is entirely favourable," Stourton answered. "I fear that I shall never be thoroughly forgiven, however, for having, by my clumsy driving, deprived her of the pleasure of accompanying me here this evening."

"We shall hope, Sir Ronald, that there may be many more opportunities of welcoming our friends here," the Prince replied.

"Your Highness is too kind," Stourton answered. "But I must not forget the messages with which I am charged. If your Highness—"

The Prince took him by the arm.

"You have had an anxious day, Sir Ronald," he remarked. "We will drink a glass of wine together."

Ormsdorf looked after them, and shrugged his shoulders.

"That man," he remarked to Hirshfeld, "is either a fool or—for an Englishman—a genius!"

On his way out, an hour or so later, Stourton felt himself touched upon the arm. Mr. Michael Leparge beamed upon him.

"My young friend," he said, "I am delighted—frankly, I am delighted. Your nerve was inimitable, and your lying a revelation. I do not mind telling you that I had almost made up my mind to leave you alone for the future. You scarcely promised so much sport. To-night has changed all that. I can see that we shall still have delightful times together. Only—next time, look out. I have underestimated you. I admit it. I am a million roubles the poorer for it. Next time, my dear Ronald, I will promise you a little more excitement."

Ronald shrugged his shoulders. Behind him, the band was playing the English National Anthem. The Prince's gracious words were still in his ears. Scarcely a mile away, Esther was anxiously waiting for him. He felt in an expansive mood.

"My dear Leparge," he said, "pray do not study me in the least. For a dilettante—what am I to call you, spy?—I think you do very well indeed. One cannot always succeed, you know."

Leparge nodded reflectively.

"You are quite right," he admitted. "One needs the discipline of occasional failure to thoroughly appreciate success."

Stourton smiled.

"Your philosophy, my friend," he remarked, as he passed out, "is better than your espionage."

THE END.



NOT only throughout the length and breadth of the theatrical profession, in which Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude occupy so distinguished a position, but wherever players congregate, many have been the words of sympathy over the fact that a third serious surgical operation has had to be performed on Miss Winifred Emery. Happily, the result was very successful, and her family and

English plays by one of our leading actors would probably be regarded as a remarkable achievement. Yet Madame Bernhardt and Madame Réjane think nothing of playing against each other in London, even as they do in their own City of Light. The reception of such tried favourites is assured, and a full measure of public favour is, it is hoped, in store for the Avenue season. Foremost in the Company of the last-named theatre is Madame Marthe Regnier, who is so popular a favourite in Paris, where her impersonations in "Petit Ami," "Gertrude," "Chaperon Rouge," and "France d'Abord" have given her a conspicuous position among contemporary actresses and have even carried her fame much farther afield. Madame Regnier, Parisienne though she is to the tips of her nails, is in appearance not entirely unlike an Englishwoman. Her art is distinguished for its simplicity and naturalness, characteristics which, with a musical voice and a merry laugh, helped to win for her a position which for three years she held as a member of the Théâtre-Français.

The announcement that the Censor has at last consented to allow M. Saint-Saëns's opera, "Salome," to be produced at Covent Garden, where it will be given during the season with Madame Calvé in the part in which she has won such great success on the Continent, has, within the last few days, been much discussed in theatrical circles. The reason is obvious. Hitherto there has been one inflexible rule that any play containing Biblical characters must not be allowed on the stage. For this reason Oscar Wilde's "Salome," the contemplated performance of which was mentioned in *The Sketch* some weeks ago, would have to be given privately, as, being unlicensed, seats could not be sold. It must not be supposed that the performance has been knocked on the head because it has not taken place. It has merely been postponed in order that more subscriptions may be obtained and that the work may be produced in a thoroughly efficient



"VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO: MR. LAWRENCE RRA AS FLORESTAN DE VALIANCOURT.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

friends have every reason to hope that she will soon be restored to health. In this hope many who have no personal acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Maude will share. Such suffering always evokes warm sympathy, but in no case is it warmer than in that of one whose talent is highly prized and who has won a proud pre-eminence not owing to adventitious circumstances, or meretricious methods, but by the exhibition of a fine gift which has been assiduously cultivated.

The announcement of a new leading lady for Sir Henry Irving is always a subject of interest, and additional interest has naturally been manifested in the announcement seeing that the selection has fallen on an American actress. Miss Maude Fealy will be remembered for her impersonation of the heroine in "Sherlock-Holmes" when that drama was originally acted at the Lyceum by Mr. William Gillette. At the time, it was stated that she was the youngest leading lady in the dramatic profession, for she was considerably under twenty, so her rise to eminence has been little short of phenomenal, a proof that talent does sooner or later come into its own, and in this case, it must be admitted, it has been much sooner rather than later. Miss Fealy will be no stranger to the costume-dramas which may be said practically to form Sir Henry's stock-in-trade, for, among other parts, she has played Juliet with conspicuous success.

With French plays at His Majesty's, where Madame Sarah Bernhardt begins next Monday with "La Sorcière," the Avenue, under the direction of M. Félix Riche and the General Managership of Mr. Louis Hillier, and the Prince of Wales's, where Madame Réjane is to be joined to-morrow by M. Coquelin in "La Montansier," London presents a spectacle which can never be seen in Paris, where a season of

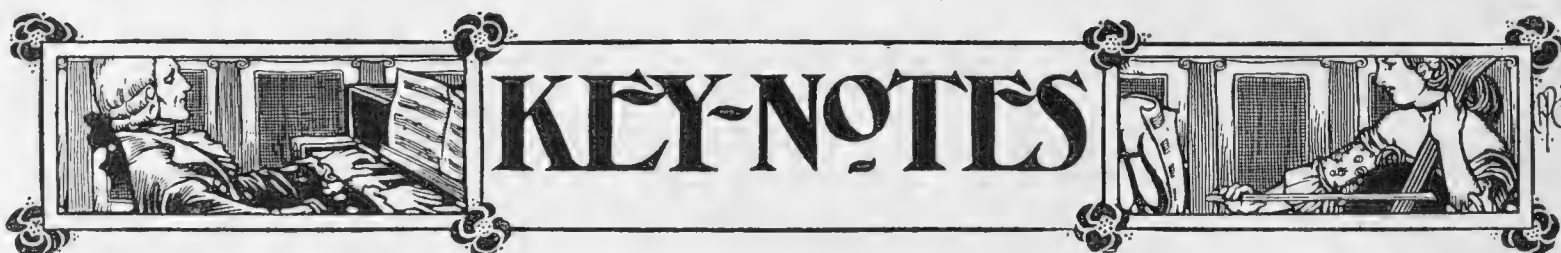


Mr. George Graves as M. Coquenard. Mr. Fred Emney as M. Soustot.

"VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

manner. If the Lord Chancellor is consistent, "Salome," whose fame is still spreading on the Continent, ought to be able to be produced at a regular theatre in the regular way. Will it? And if one Bible play, why not any Bible play, so long as it does not descend into controversial matters and is treated in a properly exalted spirit?



A VERY brilliant audience foregathered at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening to listen to the work of a distinguished list of artists who had given their services for the benefit of the Lifeboat Fund. Madame Melba's singing of the "Mad Scene" from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" was quite perfect; her concert vocalisation is well known, and on this occasion she surpassed herself as she usually appears on the concert stage. In the "Evocation" from "Robert le Diable" and the "Serenade" from Berlioz's "Faust," M. Plançon gave true pleasure, both his grim sense of humour and his lightness of touch being quite superb. The Lady Maud Warrender sang "Oh, del mio dolce ardor" with great feeling, and Signor Caruso, who, I believe, made his first appearance on a London concert-platform on this occasion, sang "Una furtiva Lagrima" from "L'Elisir d'Amore" magnificently; he was in splendid voice, and was compelled to sing an encore. M. Saint-Saëns, I understand, came to London specially to appear at this Concert, and played with great brilliancy and delicacy of touch his Fantasia, "Africa"; he also accompanied M. Hollman in a movement from his Violoncello Concerto, "Le Cygne." Herr Fritz Kreisler was the solo-violinist of the evening, and played very beautifully, as, indeed, this artist always does, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Henry J. Wood, lent invaluable aid to the evening's entertainment. I sincerely trust that the fund in aid of which the Concert was organised has greatly benefited by the entertainment, for it was quite a memorable evening and was attended by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and also by many distinguished visitors.

At the St. James's Hall a few days ago, Madame Emma Eames made her reappearance in London (after some years' absence) at Signor Arturo Tibaldi's Concert. She sang very beautifully indeed, her voice having lost none of its old charm and ease: perhaps she was at her best in the principal "Aria" from "La Tosca," her purity of method being really lovely. Signor Tibaldi played the "Preislied" (Wagner-Wilhelm) from "Die Meistersinger" capitally; his tone is pleasing and he shows genuine feeling. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang, and Miss Alice Hollander also lent her services.

A singer new to London, Mdle. Selma Kurz, has appeared this week at Covent Garden, and in the part of Gilda, in "Rigoletto," made a most markedly favourable impression on the public the other evening. She has a most brilliant and attractive voice, and is a genuinely good actress. She has a very large range and never misses her effects; indeed, throughout the whole evening she was quite extraordinary. There were varied opinions as to her singing, but I take a very definite view of the matter, and make no doubt that, in a very few years, Mdle. Selma Kurz will have a very great reputation in the operatic world. I understand that Mdle. Kurz is to sing the rôle of Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser" next week at Covent Garden.



MISS JEAN NEWMAN, THE CANADIAN SOPRANO.

Photograph by Johnstone O'Shannessy, Melbourne.

he seems to know the right thing to do at any given moment. Herr Van Rooy, in the part of Wolfram, repeated his old triumph and sang to perfection. Fräulein Ternina was to have taken the part of Elizabeth, but owing, I understand, to some throat-trouble, she had to abandon it, and her place was filled by Frau Egli. Frau Reinl took the part of Venus quite satisfactorily, and the Orchestra on this occasion was really magnificent, and, under Herr Richter, gave something like a perfect rendering of the score.

Mr. Charles A. Trew gave a Concert at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon, at which the chief feature of the occasion was Mr. Trew's new Song Cycle, "Lovely Land." The Lyrics are by Mr. Cecil Deane. Perhaps the best number is "Land of the West," which is both well written and charmingly attractive. Miss Daisy Irvine, Miss Amy Maynard, Mr. Gabriel Thorp, and Mr. St. John Clerke were the vocalists. All were successful. Mr. Arthur Trew was the solo 'cellist, and played two solos, and also Saint-Saëns's Sonata in C Minor, for pianoforte and 'cello, in which he was joined by Mr. Trew. COMMON CHORD.



MADAME ELLA RUSSELL AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHÄUSER."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

In the same performance of "Rigoletto," M. Renaud sang the name-part with all his personal intensity and superb power of acting. Signor Caruso took the part of the Duke, and sang magnificently—for he was in splendid form, and his rendering of "La Donna è Mobile" was a triumphant success. Madame Kirkby Lunn as Maddalena and M. Journet as Sparafucile were quite adequate, and, under Signor Mancinelli, the Orchestra gave a remarkably fine rendering of the opera, from their own point of view.

On Thursday afternoon the first Concert of the London Symphony Orchestra took place, under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter. This Orchestra consists of ninety-nine performers, of whom, we are told, forty-two have lately seceded from Mr. Henry J. Wood's Orchestra, and the remainder have been engaged from different sources. Mr. Arthur W. Payne is the principal violin-player, and an excellent programme was given on this occasion.

M. Van Dyck has made his reappearance at the Royal Opera during the week, and was remarkably good in a performance of "Tannhäuser." He acted superbly, and was quite in his best form in the title-part. He appears to have lost all his old vocal fatigue, which was too apparent a few seasons ago, and, with his remarkably quick temperament, he seems to know the right thing to do at any given moment. Herr Van Rooy, in the part of Wolfram, repeated his old triumph and sang to perfection. Fräulein Ternina was to have taken the part of Elizabeth, but owing, I understand, to some throat-trouble, she had to abandon it, and her place was filled by Frau Egli. Frau Reinl took the part of Venus quite satisfactorily, and the Orchestra on this occasion was really magnificent, and, under Herr Richter, gave something like a perfect rendering of the score.

Under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Strathcona, and other distinguished persons, Miss Jean Newman gave a highly successful Concert at the Æolian Hall recently. The young Canadian soprano's rendering of a number of songs delighted the large and fashionable audience assembled on this occasion, and she was ably assisted by Madame Adèle Baldwin, Miss May Muckle ('cellist), Mr. Evan Williams, and Mr. W. Peterkin.



Side-slip—Speed-Monsters—The Great Race—Clothes.

THE Side-slip Trials, after much labour, have really brought forth but little. The failure of the devices which are claimed to act independently of the tyre, and for the successful exploitation of which automobilists were extremely anxious, was very disappointing. Personally, I have an objection to bands of leather carrying metal studs or discs, or arrangements of chains and plates held upon the treading surface of the tyre-cover by some means or other. They all make for slowing the car, reducing the resilience and, consequently, the comfort derivable from pneumatic tyres. The "L'Empereur" device, which has now asserted itself in both the French and English side-slip trials, is, practically speaking, an armoured tyre-tread formed of flatly arched transverse metal strips linked together on each side of the cover by split links. The Committee characterise this device as giving good protection against side-slip, being easily removed and applied, affording excellent protection to the rubber covers, and being easily

of the Cup, will kick furiously, although Mr. Gordon Bennett himself may realise the necessity for modification.

On Friday next, 17th inst., the big fight for the retention of the Gordon Bennett Cup will be fought *à outrance* over the fifty-odd miles of road-course which the German Automobile Club, with the countenance of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor, have selected in the Taunus. The course is not a fast one, as compared with the Paris-Bordeaux route, or even the Circuit des Argonnes, over which the late French Eliminating Trials were made, although it is faster than our own Isle of Man circuit by reason of the longer straights and the superior condition in which the roads are kept. S. F. Edge, on a Napier, and Charles Jarrott and Girling, on Wolseleys, will do all that is in them and their cars to lift the Cup; but the issue is very much on the knees of the gods, and no man, even so hard on the event as this,



A MOTOR FROM THE MYTHICAL AGE: ACHÆUS IN HIS ONE HORSE-POWER CENTAURETTE.

and cheaply repaired in case of breakage. All this, with the exception of the particular protection, may, however, be said of the Parsons Non-skid device which was awarded the second prize.

Already there are suggestions and concrete suggestions in the air to alter the type of car which manufacturers shall build in future for competition in the Gordon Bennett race. The speed-monsters which to-day are being driven out of Homburg on trial spins are useless once they have done battle for their country, for, both on the Continent and here, these time-annihilators cannot be driven with comfort to the occupants or safety to the public. I believe it is sought to reduce the Gordon Bennett competition to that of rated yachts; that is to say that there shall be some set of dimensional restrictions which will prevent the construction of useless and dangerous speed-machines. The weight-limit of a thousand kilogrammes—2200 lb., or forty pounds less than a ton—has not arrested monster birth, as we see by the cars that will compete on Friday. Something more is required to keep the test down to mechanical economies which can be bought and used afterwards by the ordinary man. To my mind, cylinder capacity—that is, total content of piston-sweep and a minimum weight of chassis—can alone bring about the desired result. But our French friends, who are practically the trustees

can presage the result. Consider the issue of the French Eliminating Trials, how bewildering the result even to those most "in the know"! The success of the Richard-Brasier car was wholly unexpected by the critics, who plumped for the Nors and Panhard, while, except to those who know how really good they are, the third place of the Turcat-Méry was a surprise. But the De Dietrich system has so much to recommend it that tyre trouble, and tyre trouble only, prevented the car from being very near the first to finish.

As summer really seems to be with us at last, it is time to take some thought as to the wherewithal we shall be clothed when we go a-motoring with the sun high in the heavens and the temperature approaching the tropical. Nevertheless, let no man, or woman either, for the matter of that, imagine that he or she will be comfortable when seated on a car travelling well up to the legal limit in the light and airy garments affected for a promenade in the sultry weather. The breeze created by the passage of a car through the air at twenty miles per hour is more piercing and searching than would be believed. Though light drill, linen, or tussore silk over-wraps may be worn, these should always be made so as to button double over the chest, and should be fitted with wind-cuffs in the sleeves which can be secured tightly round the wrists at will.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ascot—The St. Leger—Officials—Touting—Stewards.

THE Royal Meeting this year promises to be one of the most fashionable held for many years past. The going on the Heath is as good as it could well be, and owners will not hesitate to run their horses, whether sound or unsound. The Royal Hunt Cup is always, I think, the speculative feature of the Ascot Week, and this year the winner of the race will take some finding. Many of the trainers have several horses to choose from, which makes the event the more perplexing to the vaticinator. From information received, I shall give Catgut to win, and I think Wild Oats, who has been highly tried, ought to finish in the first three. Pretty Polly has only to start for the Coronation Stakes to win, and The Scribe may capture the Three-Year-Old Biennial. His Majesty the King is very likely to win the Ascot Derby with Chatsworth, who is entitled to an allowance, and Bass Rock ought to win the Fernhill Stakes. As Sceptre seems to be off colour, I shall stand Zinfandel for the Ascot Gold Cup, and he may also capture the Alexandra Plate on Friday if started. Rock Sand has a good chance for the Hardwicke stakes, if he is not upset by his race for the Gold Cup.

If His Majesty the King is in England, it is said to be his intention to see the race for the St. Leger, which this year will produce plenty of speculation. At present, I think, the race reads like a certainty for Pretty Polly, but many good judges contend that Major Loder's filly cannot stay the distance. She won the Oaks like a stayer, anyway, and won it, too, without the semblance of an effort. On their last year's running St. Amant could have no chance against her at Doncaster, while I think neither John o' Gaunt nor Henry the First will win on the Town Moor. M. Blanc's best may run well, but, in my opinion, there is no three-year-old in England or France at the present time that is capable of stretching Pretty Polly at any distance from one mile up to the mile and three-quarters, and I, for one, shall be terribly disappointed if she does not win the St. Leger in a canter; that is, of course, providing all is well with her when the starting-gate is raised.

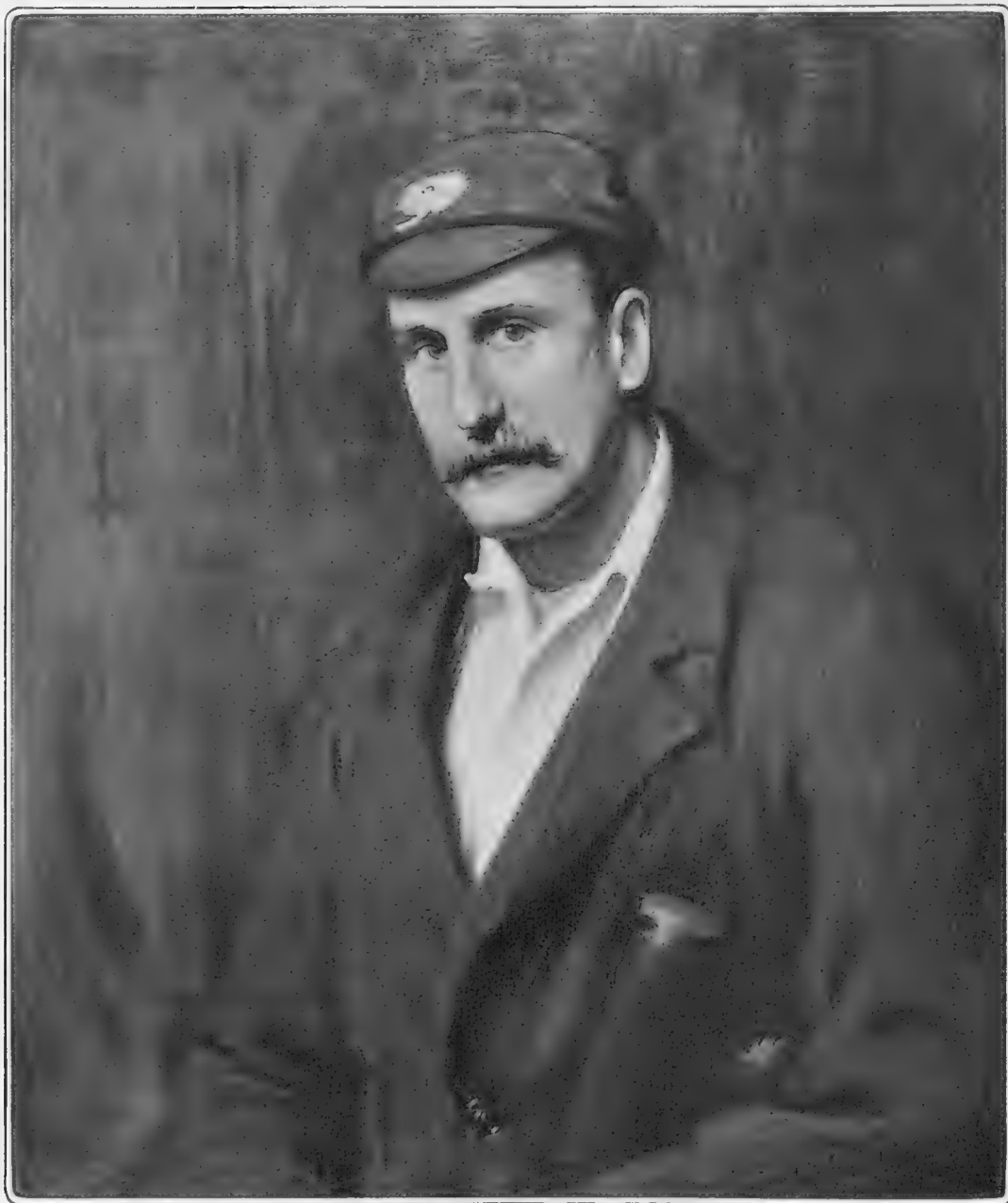
The majority of our racecourse officials are well known, at least by sight, to the crowd, and yet very few men who go racing know either Major Clement, the Clerk of the Course at Ascot, or Mr. Dundas, the Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, by sight. The fact of the matter is, the Major and Mr. Dundas seldom visit other than their own meetings, and they certainly do not tout for entries. Major Clement, whose office is on the Lawn at the back of the Ascot Grand Stand, generally watches the big races from the Terrace on the Clock Tower, and he often has Mr. Mainwaring with him. As I have stated many times before, the Major visits the Ascot racecourse nearly every day throughout the year, and he employs a big staff of men to look after the race-track and the stands. Mr. Dundas, the Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, who is a brother to the Earl of Zetland, also devotes a lot of time and attention to his home meeting, and it is needless to add that his anxieties have been added to this year by the rebuilding of the stands and the remodelling of the rings.

The latest form of touting for customers for bookmakers is the funniest I have yet heard of. A gentleman informs me that he patronised a West-End tailor for a new suit of clothes recently, and he had no sooner paid the bill by cheque than he

received a circular from a bookmaker, together with a book of terms, &c. I know addresses are bought by advertising tipsters, but I had no idea that bookmakers played the same game. I should have added that the gentleman referred to above has never made a bet in his life, although he attends all the principal race-meetings for the sport.

At many of the chief meetings plenty of Stewards are appointed, but very few attend the racing, and oftener than not when an objection has to be decided it is heard by deputies. This is not the case, however, at Goodwood, Ascot, and Epsom, where the Stewards of the Jockey Club always act, while, in addition, the Duke of Richmond is a Steward at Goodwood, Lord Rosebery, as Lord of the Manor, is a Steward of the Epsom Meeting, and Lord Churchill, representing the Crown, is a Steward of the Ascot Meeting. Indeed, the last-named Peer, who is a Conservative Whip in the House of Lords, has a great deal to do with the management of the meeting on the Royal Heath, but on the Lord Chamberlain now devolves the task of allotting tickets for the Royal Enclosure, and it is said he has a very difficult task in trying to please everybody. If ever Ascot were short of funds, it would be a capital move on the part of the management to put those tickets up to auction.

CAPTAIN COE.



LORD HAWKE, 'CAPTAIN OF THE YORKSHIRE CRICKET ELEVEN.'

After the portrait by Shirley Slocombe, R.C.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SATURDAY at Kempton made a pleasant contrast with the Siberian conditions that prevailed at the "Epsom Summer Races," as the calendars satirically had it. A few muslin gowns even made a tentative appearance on one or two brave women determined to make-believe, at all costs, that summer had come. But a gauze gown on a



A WHITE MUSLIN FOR THE COUNTRY.

[Copyright.]

day of grilling sun and grateful shade is one thing, and an improvident chiffon in the teeth of an arid east-wind quite another, as the weather in question proved. Absolutely the most suitably equipped females were those who fluttered their allurements in smart summer tailor-mades, for they combined the sportsmanlike, weather-resisting attitude with the deliberately ornate—and these two are an all-conquering combination.

One woman displayed blue canvas, not exciting in itself, but it had as addenda a wonderful belt of pale-blue cloth, silver braid and pipings of "Berkeley" yellow, inlet cuffs of the same, and a vest to boot. A costume to sigh for, without doubt, on a figure to die for, no less certainly. Another woman wore putty-coloured cloth bright in tone and texture, "fixins" of vieux-rose poplin and arabesques of gold braid, very narrow, *bien entendu*, and exquisitely meted out, which raised the gown to a high point of perfection.

As fashion is ever absurdly in extremes, so it is noticeable that the severe linen collar worn over a lace blouse is for the moment rampant in Paris. Doubtless in getting away from the low neck, now descended to the telephone-and-telegraph-girl class, Madame Fashion has lost her erstwhile sense of general fitness, but the pendulum inevitably swings back, and we have for the moment arrived at a ridiculous extreme. Take the parasol of the fleeting hour. Through various stages of solidity to lightness it has now arrived at the correct form of being only embroidered mousseline-de-soie or gauze—surely the most contradictory aspect of the parapluie at all imaginable, seeing that its very existence is a *raison d'être* of warding off weather. I met

a sunshade of real lace at a garden-party this week which had embroidered rose-buds and Neapolitan violets bordering the lace. Another was white mousseline with tiny posies of many-coloured flowers scattered all over. Could charming impracticability further go?

Quite as an aside, I may remark that, amongst adorable addenda of lovely woman this season, the transparent blouse over flesh-coloured silk slips is distinctly and disagreeably suggestive of "too much Nature." "Too much of a good thing," as our excellent forbears had it, is always a mistake. Never more so than in this detestably unrefined fashion. That no girl who wishes to be admired and given credit for good taste may adopt it is the earnest wish of a well-wisher.

Bazaars raged freely last week and great interchange of coin obtained amongst the charitable. Foremost amongst these semi-religious entertainments was that held at Prince's, Knightsbridge, which the Duchess of Bedford was good enough to lend for three days. The Hospital of Saints John and Elizabeth, at Grove End Road, ought to benefit exceedingly by the three days' sale in question. The genial Duke of Connaught and his Consort opened the Bazaar on Wednesday, the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Lansdowne on following days, while a truly portentous list of patronesses, most of whom arrived in person as well as spirit, strengthened the general attractiveness of the stalls in no small measure. It is much hoped and expected that a substantial sum towards the five thousand pounds required by the charity will have been collected. The Parisian Diamond Company, as munificent as it is successful, presented a magnificent diamond and pearl collar; and many other benefactors



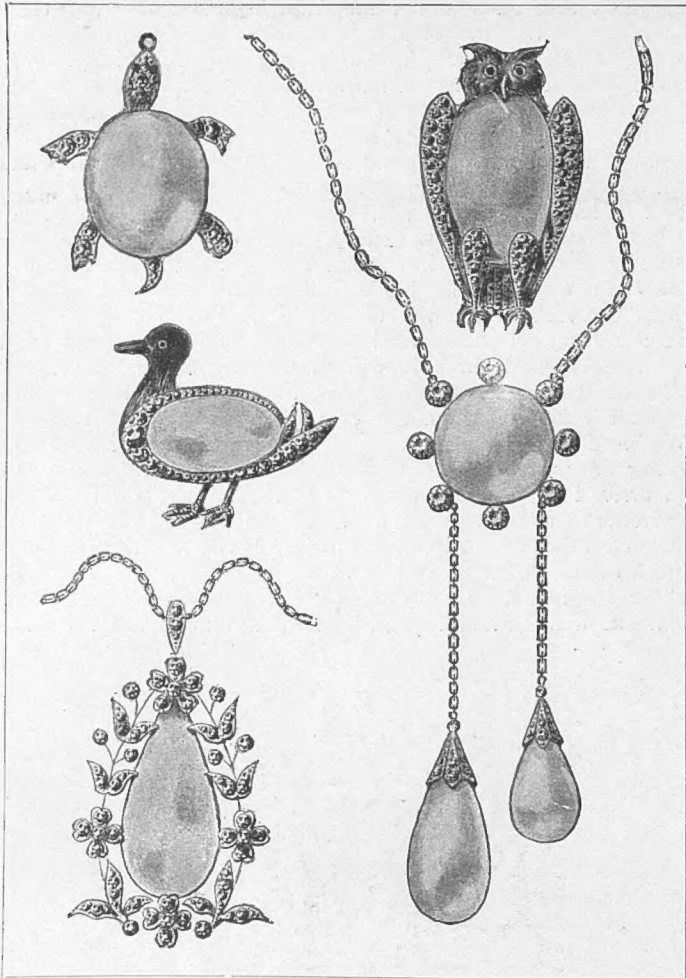
BLUE SPOTTED CANVAS.

[Copyright.]

were represented also. Altogether, the Bazaar was an unquestioned success from every point of view.

The craze for oddly shaped pearls which now prevails is but a revival of an antique taste, and interesting relics from far-back Byzantine days, not to mention the Etruscan and Pompeian, are evidences of how greatly in favour the baroque pearl was for combination with enamel,

highly wrought gold, and variously coloured gems. Those enterprising modern jewellers known as The Association of Diamond Merchants, who display their attractive wares at Grand Hotel Buildings, are employing matrix, baroque, and odd-shaped pearls in a variety of



SOME CHARMING DESIGNS BY THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

charming designs, one or two of which are here illustrated. This delicately wrought little pearl and diamond necklace, *par exemple*, at eighteen guineas, having two valuable pear-shaped pearls, is very obviously both artistic and inexpensive. Another pendant of French design and exquisite workmanship is surely a treasure-trove at twenty pounds.

For those to whom quaint shapes are attractive, pearl and diamond wild-fowl, from tame ducks to untameable owls, are displayed side by side with zoological specimens in precious plenty. Besides innumerable uncommon departures in jewellery, all of which will be discovered in the Diamond Merchants Association's new catalogue, a monthly list of their second-hand jewels will be found attractive to women susceptible of genuine bargains, all the more that any article, new or second-hand, can be bought on the hire system from the Association.

Talking of jewels and jewellery reminds me that the energetic and capable person who sells, or has sold, the largest number of programmes for the great Lifeboat Concert at Queen's Hall will be presented with a gem "of purest ray serene," given by the philanthropic Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of Regent Street, an incentive which should operate powerfully with a generous but gem-loving generation of girls.

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June 15, 1904.

Signature.....

AN OXFORD HOUSE CONCERT.

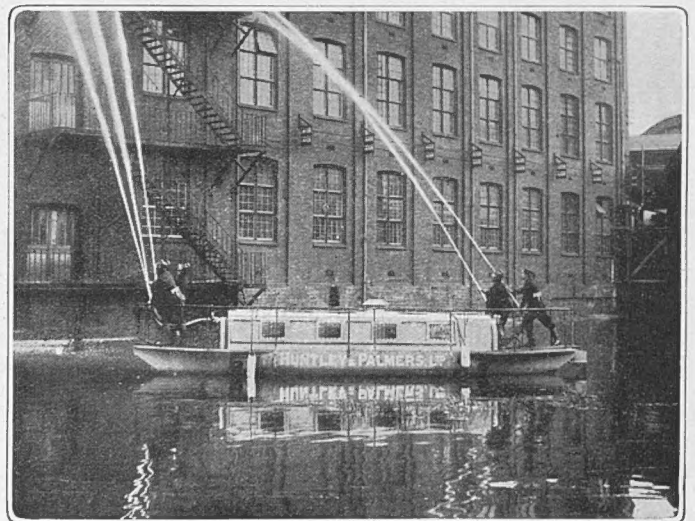
The Princess of Wales was present on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall at the Orchestral Concert given by the Oxford House Musical and Dramatic Association. In Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Mrs. Henry J. Wood sang the solo-part most effectively. Some lads from the Bethnal Green Board School gave excellent renderings of songs by Sterndale Bennett and Horn. The Oxford House Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Cuthbert Kelly, played the Overture to "Egmont" and the *entr'acte* in B Minor from Schubert's "Rosamunde." Middle. Hélène Valma, Miss Louise Dale, and Mr. Gervase Elwes all contributed solos to a programme which was of a most interesting character.

"The Stock Exchange," by G. D. Ingall and George Withers, will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold. Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., as Mr. Arnold's agents, will probably issue it in New York.

Messrs. Alden and Co., Limited, have just published a companion to their "Oxford Guide" which should delight students of architecture and lovers of antiquarian research. "Near Oxford" is well described as "a popular historical and architectural handbook to over a hundred places of interest within a radius of about fifteen miles." The Rev. H. T. Inman supplies the text, the book is illustrated with many reproductions of photographs and drawings, and the binding and whole get-up are excellent.

Another record in holiday travel will shortly be established on the London to Lowestoft and Yarmouth summer services by the enterprising Great Eastern Railway Company. From the 1st July two new expresses will run from Liverpool Street every morning, one at 10.15 for Yarmouth, another at 10.20 for Lowestoft. The journey in each case will be performed, without a stop, in two hours and a-half, some thirty minutes less than hitherto, the trains being provided with corridor carriages and fitted with the latest comforts and conveniences. Corresponding trains will also run from Yarmouth and Lowestoft to London, leaving at 1.45 p.m. and 1.35 p.m. respectively. Other morning and afternoon trains to the many beautiful seaside and inland resorts on the Company's system have been considerably accelerated.

There is at present plying the waters of the River Kennet a new class of fire-float, expressly built by Merryweather and Sons, of Greenwich, for Huntley and Palmers, Limited, the celebrated firm of biscuit-manufacturers. The factories of that firm cover something like thirty acres of land adjacent to the mentioned Berkshire stream, with six hundred yards of river-frontage. The new fire-float carries two cylinder-pumps capable of delivering six hundred gallons of water per minute, at a pressure of one hundred pounds, and there are six hose-outlets, suction being taken from either side of the float. A large compartment for hose is provided with two reels, each holding about five hundred feet, which can be used for overcoming fire at some considerable distance from the river. The precautions taken by



MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMERS' MOTOR FIRE-FLOAT IN ACTION.

Photograph by Victor White and Co., Reading.

Messrs. Huntley and Palmers are wise indeed, since their factories house, during the day and part of the night, no less than six thousand operatives of both sexes.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

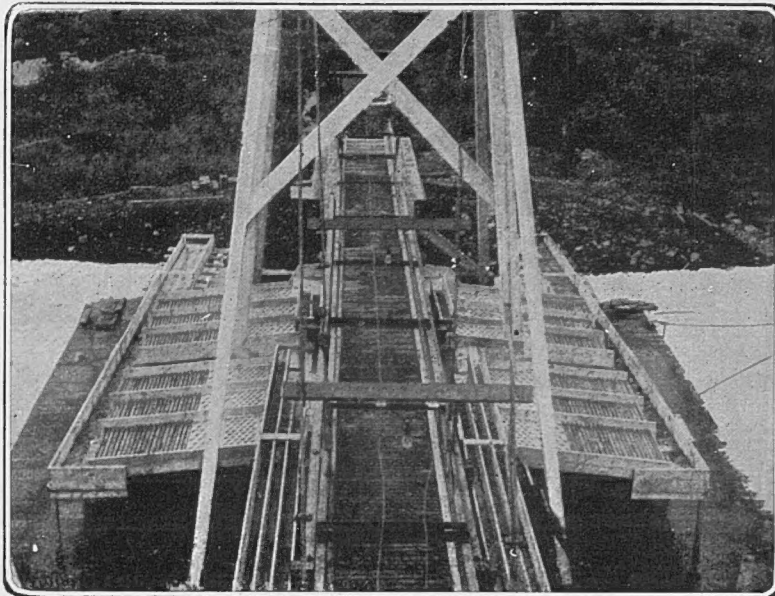
A NINETEEN-DAY ACCOUNT.

NOBODY expects much of a nineteen-day Account. It might be expected that the longer the Settlement was put off the greater would be the inducement to speculate, and, as four people out of five prefer to buy what they do not want, rather than sell what they have not got, a long Account should be a good thing for the bulls; but long-standing tradition in the Stock Exchange has convinced most people that what common-sense reasoning would make probable, never—well, hardly ever—comes about, and every nineteen-day Account starts with a general handicap of croaking, which would take all the buoyancy out of much better markets than we have seen for some years.

The present appearance of Stock Exchange business does not encourage the idea that on this occasion the superstition is likely to prove a false guide.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations are of the Bucyrus dredger, which the British-American Dredging Company—not connected with the late Mr. Whitaker Wright—have placed on Gold Run Creek, in the Cassiar district of British Columbia. So far, we believe, dredging for gold has not proved a commercial success; but this is alleged to be more because of the failure to save any reasonable proportion of the precious metal in the "dirt" than because it is not there to save. The British-American Company works near Lake Atlin, on the confines of Alaska, and the dredger, which is constructed with all the latest improvements, begins its career—of usefulness, let us hope—this season. The results are being awaited



ATLIN DREDGE, SHOWING DETAILS OF GOLD-SAVING TABLES.

with the greatest interest, not only by its owners, but by a host of other Companies who have claims capable of yielding as good returns as those of the British-American Dredging Company.

YANKEES MORE EXUBERANT.

After the way in which the financial authorities have been wailing over Yankee shares as certain to decline, the little revival in this market is cruelly remindful of the danger of prophesying without knowledge. We certainly disclaim any credit for being among the very few who

dared to speak a kind word for the American Market during the past month, because we simply took what the Stock Exchange calls a "view," and it has happened to turn out right. From what we can gather inside the House, the dealers in Yankees and the chief people interested in the shares are convinced that the market will go considerably better, in spite of the gloomy prognostications that are so fashionable in our financial contemporaries. Naturally, the Presidential Election will tend to check business yet further, and it is therefore an indirect mal-influence. Nobody can doubt, however, that the return of a perfectly "sound" candidate is assured, and when the market settles down, after the political excitements are over, we are likely to see strong efforts made to induce the public to take a hand in Railroad shares. It has to be admitted that the present

traffics are far from being brilliant, and trade in the United States shows signs of tiredness after its all-round boom, but these are details to the big houses if the latter want to advance prices, as they certainly do.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Frankly breathless, a stranger jumped into the compartment of the First-Class, as the train was fairly under way.

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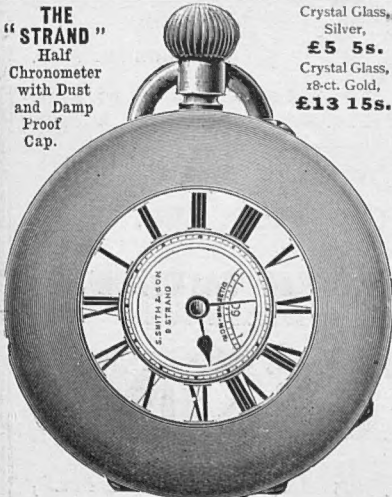
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"I must apologise, gentlemen," he gasped. "That was a near thing, by Jove!"

"A very close shave," replied The Jobber, ambiguously, as he picked up his pipe, The Banker's *Times*, and the straw-hat of The City Editor, all of which had suffered by reason of the hurried entrance of The Stranger.

The latter looked intently at the windows. "Is this a smoking-carriage?" he asked.

"Unfortunately it isn't," The Broker returned, as he lit a cigar, "but if you want to smoke here, don't you mind us. We will—"

"Certainly we will," added The Jobber. "If the Company hasn't got enough First smokers, we have to do the best we can with the others," and he puffed away vigorously.

"I never smoke," was the somewhat stiff reply.

"Start now," suggested The Jobber, holding out a cigarette-case. "These aren't so dusty, though I say it myself."

"I thank you, no. Since I became a member of the House I have renounced smoking before dinner."

The Broker and The Jobber exchanged perplexed glances. The former raised his eyebrows, but the latter shook his head. "Never remember seeing him in the House," he whispered to The Engineer.

"Try him with Home Railway Debentures," The Engineer replied in low tones behind his newspaper.

"I have a friend in the Stock Exchange," began The Jobber, "and he tells me that Home Railway Debenture shares are the best gamble in the markets—better even than Chartered or Paringas."

"Stock, my dear sir, stock," rejoined The Stranger, reprovingly. "I should scarcely regard them as gambles, though."

The Banker was commencing to fidget and to look as though he did not like the position. Just then The Broker appealed to him—

"Are not the Convertible Preferences quite high enough, don't you think?"

"I should not care to say that prices have no chance of

improvement," said the old gentleman. "I must admit I consider cheaper money as likely to prove a panacea in putting that class of security to higher prices."

The Stranger looked at the Banker with a kind of pitying compassion, but said nothing.

"Much the same condition applies to the Ordinary stocks as well, surely?" hazarded The Engineer.

"To a much more limited extent," The Banker answered. "There are, of course, the traffics to consider, working economies, weather, and all the familiar factors that work for and against the dividends on Ordinary stocks."

"That goes without saying, of course," The Stranger said, immediately doubling the already profound prejudice he had created in the bosom of The Jobber.

"Oh, of course," The Banker agreed affably. "My point was rather to show that the Railway prior-charge market—and, consequently, others of a similar high-class kind—"

"Such as Paringas?" The City Editor put in.

"—will probably see better prices, whereas I am not at all sure about those of the Ordinary stocks."

"There's been a bigish rise in them," remarked The Broker, running with the hare.

"But you can't escape the fact that a certain class of investor will buy Brum and Berwick and Western, or nothing at all," The Engineer contended.

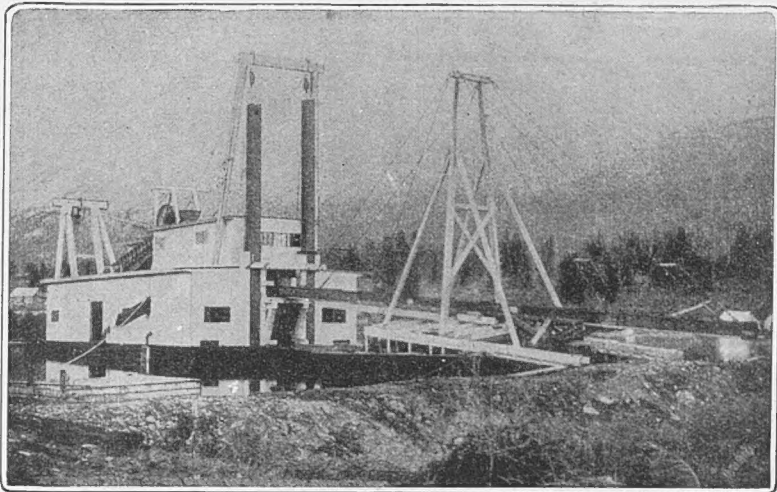
"That is so," The Merchant confirmed. "And those people have been putting their savings on deposit for the past three years, and they've only just begun to turn 'em into the House. Things have changed: people elect—"

"The bye-elections show how things have changed in the country," said The Stranger, inconsequently.

"Try him with Kaffirs," whispered The Engineer to the Jobber.

"If Home Rails go up, I suppose Kaffirs will go down, sir?" and The Jobber addressed The Stranger respectfully.

(Continued on Page XVIII.)



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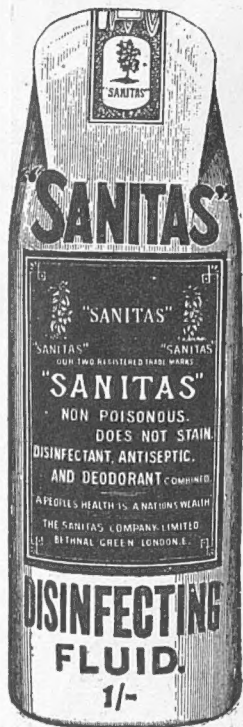
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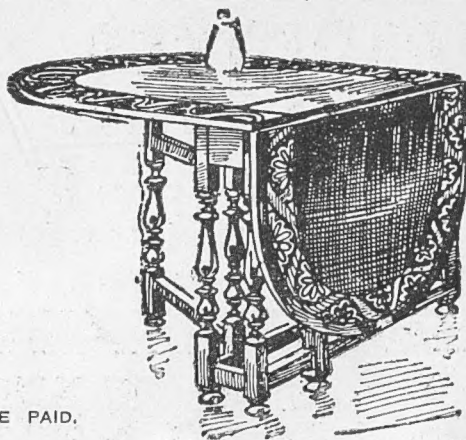
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